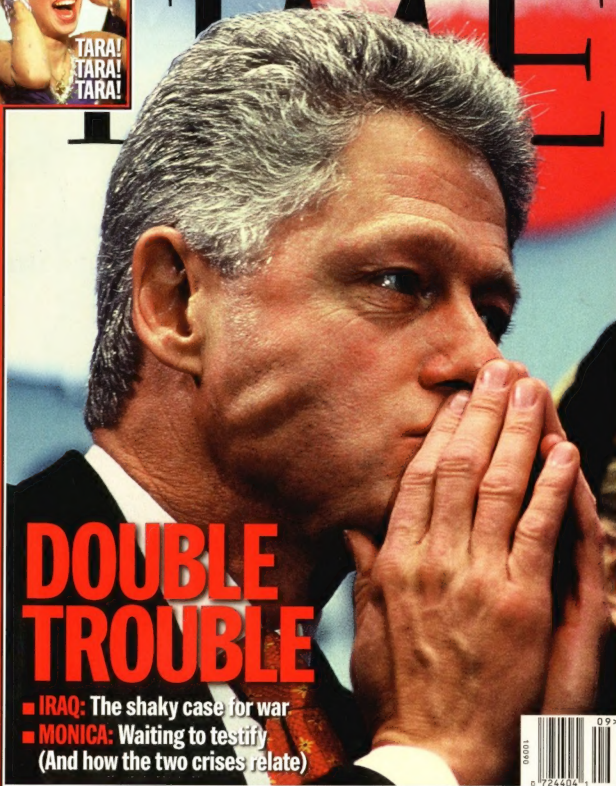




TARA!  
TARA!  
TARA!

# TIME



## DOUBLE TROUBLE

- **IRAQ:** The shaky case for war
- **MONICA:** Waiting to testify  
(And how the two crises relate)





And



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team-oriented and cooperative.  
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# A drug he discovered for transplant patients is now helping millions fight AIDS.



Ken Richardson  
pharmaceutical company researcher

"I left high school at age 16 to do odd jobs in a small pharmaceutical lab. Back then I never dreamed that, one day, I would help discover a medicine that would save thousands of lives."

"I loved lab work, so I went back to school at night and worked at the lab during the day. After 12 years, I had my Ph.D. Then I went to work at a pharmaceutical company, where I began research on an anti-fungal medicine to treat deadly infections. For me, a drug saves more than a life. It can save a family."



HIV: The virus that  
causes AIDS.

"Some of the most deadly infections come from fungi in the air we breathe," says Ken Richardson, a pharmaceutical company researcher. "When you have a healthy immune system, it's not a problem."

Richardson and his research team discovered a lifesaving drug in the early 1980s to treat fungal infections in cancer and transplant patients. When thousands of AIDS patients began turning up with fungal infections, they thought their new medicine might help.

"I'll never forget the first time we tried it in an AIDS patient. She was hallucinating from a fungal infection that was damaging her brain," said Richardson. "The doctor gave her our drug and the next day the hallucinations were gone. Two weeks later she left the hospital." Today, the drug Richardson discovered for his company helps millions of people around the world.



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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

**Anthrax Scare:** Harris and Leavitt under arrest in Nevada (see NATION)

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

**A Full Plate:** Clinton struggles with Saddam and Monica and Ken (see SPECIAL REPORT)

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE

**How Sweet It Is:** Tara Lipinski takes home a gold (see THE OLYMPICS)

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COVER: Photograph for TIME by Dirk Halstead  
 INSET: Photograph for TIME by Norbert Schmidt

Steve Lopez

## It's No Party in the County Jail

A tough sheriff's inmates live in tents, eat ostrich meat and wear pink undies

**Y**OU CAN COME TO ARIZONA FOR SPRING TRAINING IF YOU want, or for the golf, or for sunsets the color of umbrella cocktails. But the best show isn't listed in any travel brochures.

The bumbling ex-Governor may be on his way to prison for a fraud conviction, and the most popular future candidate is a Wild West sheriff with his own legal problems who rose to fame on the strength of such practices as dressing inmates in pink underwear. Exhibition baseball can't compete.

Take a recent chilly night in Phoenix. It's raining to end the world, and Maricopa County sheriff Joe Arpaio, whose department was sued by the feds last year for excessive force against inmates, could not be happier. More than 1,000 prisoners in his custody are jammed into Korean War Army tents, and it must be miserable out there, he tells the enthralled Italian American Society at a sausage feed. "There's holes in the tents," he says for the fifth or sixth time that day, grinning like a kid.

Picture the bullnecked jailer in *Cool Hand Luke*, throw in some of former Philadelphia mayor Frank Rizzo, add a touch of Yosemite Sam and you get Sheriff Joe. And right now the boss hog, who averages a speech a day and makes Madonna look like a media wallflower, is wowing the retirees with lines about how he'd hate to be in a top bunk tonight.

Arpaio is the former federal drug agent who brought back chain gangs and black-and-white-striped convict outfits. He's the man who blacked out all television for inmates except C-rated flicks, the Weather Channel, Newt Gingrich videos and (opponents of torture may want to look away here) C-SPAN. He put up a neon vacancy sign at the tent city—get it?—served ostrich meat and green bologna to save tax dollars and made the inmates wear that pink underwear to make it harder for them to smuggle it out and to humiliate them. Sales of pink boxer shorts to civilians are a statewide sensation that helps pay for Joe's enormous posse of 3,000, some of whom carry guns. But hey, Italians have been good thinkers going back to Michelangelo, haven't they? And, by God, "the tradition continues!" Joe bellows at the sausage feed, a fist thrust into the air. And then he lets the applause blow him out the door and into the rain.

Now 65 and possibly the most popular man in Arizona, Arpaio has had to fend off those who shovelled polls in his face, telling him he was a shoo-in to become the next Governor. "I'm having too much fun as sheriff," he says.

But not as much as he did his first five years. Last month the *Arizona Republic* uncovered a second damning report by a U.S. Department of Justice consultant who condemned the use of restraint chairs, pepper spray, alleged hog-tying and the use of "unprovoked" and "unjustified" force.

*Republic* columnist David Leitowitz, a former Arpaio cheerleader, says he had a change of heart after examining details surrounding the death of an inmate who suffocated in 1996 while locked into a restraining chair with a towel over his head. Arpaio says he wants a jail visit to be a miserable experience; critics note that three-fourths of his inmates can't make bail and haven't even had a trial yet.

Mike Manning, an attorney handling a \$20 million lawsuit for the family of the man who died in the restraining chair, is less of an Arpaio critic than you might guess. Get tough on crime? Fine with him. Why should inmates have cigarettes, coffee and skin magazines? The problem with Arpaio, the lawyer says, is that by publicly expressing glee over the suffering of inmates, "you're saying to your employees that they have a license to brutalize."

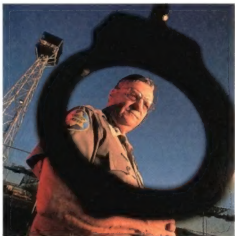
Arpaio denies that brutality is encouraged or tolerated. The U.S. Attorney's office says the sheriff has until May to clean up his office or they'll see him in court. Arpaio says he has already enacted the necessary reforms. But if his tough-guy, tax-saving tactics are as effective as he claims at discouraging crime, why has the average daily jail population gone from 4,846 to 6,485 on his watch? Why is he campaigning for a new jail? And why has the budget increased by roughly \$10 million, to a total of \$91.5 million?

Sheriff Joe has an answer to those questions. "Why are you talking to the enemy?" he bristles.

By the way, Joe wonders, did he mention the 40 death threats he has received? Yes. About 40 times. That he wrote a book titled *America's Toughest Sheriff*? Got it right here, Joe, along with some newspaper clippings. In his den at home, Arpaio keeps favorable clips filed chronologically under a bust of—guess who?

A visitor in his office mentions family in Germany, and Joe says he's famous there. He's famous everywhere, he says, brandishing a handy video of his international TV appearances. (Governor, hell. He ought to run for President.)

"You know what?" the sheriff says. "I should actually look at those numbers."



Sheriff Joe put a neon vacancy sign over the prison

**Arpaio calls himself America's toughest sheriff and boasts of 40 death threats**

## L E T T E R S



### Investigating the President

“When the world needs sex police, we can give Kenneth Starr a call. But until then, he should stay out of our bedrooms.”

Sandra A. Dunkelberger  
Harrisburg, Pa.

I AM MUCH MORE CONCERNED ABOUT SPECIAL prosecutor Kenneth Starr's out-of-control investigation than I am about President Bill Clinton's alleged out-of-control libido [SPECIAL REPORT, FEB. 9]. I do not want to live in a country where “friends” are encouraged to rat on their pals, where body wires are used to gather information about someone else's sex life and where FBI agents bully naive people and rummage through their personal belongings. This is the stuff of totalitarian regimes.

Kay Vinson  
Germantown, Tenn.

YOU DO NOT DO JUSTICE TO THE SPECIAL prosecutor. He has a job to do. Why blame him? Point your finger at the President, not at Starr.

Olga Anastasiou  
Raritan, N.J.

ISN'T IT TIME TO STOP THIS INSANITY? The Spanish Inquisition was an example of general-court powers gone awry. Starr is a modern-day Torquemada with unrestricted powers to recklessly punish anyone he judges to be heretical.

Tom Byfield  
Minneapolis, Minn.

I SERIOUSLY DOUBT PRESIDENT CLINTON'S judgment. His “problems” are not caused by Starr, a far-right conspiracy or former White House employee Linda Tripp. They are the result of a Chief Executive addled by hubris. The only thing scarier than Clinton's maneuverings is the people who think this scandal is much ado about nothing.

Craig A. Koller  
Kutztown, Pa.

STARR IS LESS INTERESTED IN SEEING JUSTICE done than in trying to bring Clinton down. Starr keeps spreading his net ever wider, but all he has been snaring is red herrings.

Sid Golovin  
Torrington, Conn.

NO MATTER WHETHER YOU ARE A REPUBLICAN or a Democrat, you feel ashamed and dirty because of Clinton's antics. He makes us embarrassed to be Americans. He has stripped us of our innocence.

Carolyn Hoekstra  
Battle Creek, Mich.

IF STARR SUCCEEDS IN NAILING CLINTON, can there be any doubt that prosecutorial revenge will await the next Republican President? I fear the governance of the U.S. will take a backseat to political guerrilla warfare of the nastiest sort.

Jay Smith  
Lexington, Mass.

I AM A GEN X-ER WHO VOTED FOR CLINTON twice. I am astonished by the boys-will-be-boys attitude expressed by the American public. I expect Clinton to show respect and keep his extracurricular activities out of our White House!

Karen Rodgers Mykleby  
Rio Rancho, N.M.

LET'S PUT STARR IN TRAINING FOR THE first manned Mars mission and give his job to Monica Lewinsky's attorney, William Ginsburg.

Harvey Endler  
Van Nuys, Calif.

IF STARR IS NONPARTISAN, I AM THE Queen of the Nile. He's on a mission. To him it is irrelevant that the economy is healthy and the majority of Americans are happy with the job performance of their elected President. Starr is acting like Captain Ahab. He should pick up his harpoon and head out to sea. Enough already! I voted for a President, not a husband.

Carol Faubert  
Alpharetta, Ga.

TO IGNORE THE CHARGES ABOUT PRESIDENT Clinton's behavior would set a precedent that would encourage other powerful men to engage fearlessly in questionable sexual conduct in the

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workplace. Will we force our President to face the consequences, just as any other man should? These are very serious questions that all of us working women and potential victims of sexual harassment must ask ourselves.

Bethany Ridings  
Philadelphia

I'M REMINDED OF THE WORDS OF THE German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche: "Distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful." A prominent plaque bearing this caveat should adorn the halls of Washington as a reminder that insidious power can destroy our great institutions, even the presidency.

Victor E. DeLucia  
Valley Village, Calif.

### Feminists and Clinton



After reading  
Barbara  
Ehrenreich's  
commentary  
on feminists,  
having

laryngitis about President Clinton's alleged relationship with Monica Lewinsky (SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 9), women broke their silence. "I am sick to death of being told that feminists should decry Clinton's behavior," complained Barbara Stephens of McLean, Va. "I voted for Clinton to do a job, and he's done it well. That is not to be dismissed lightly." "Feminists do not have laryngitis," Kathy Rodgers, executive director of the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund in New York City, declared. "We speak out when there are allegations of unwelcome sexual conduct—harassment, coercion, abuse and assault. We don't comment on consensual situations because we are not the 'sex police.' We agree that sexual relationships between individuals of greatly disparate power show poor judgment, especially on the part of the senior party. But," said Rodgers, "if the junior person finds these sexual attentions welcome, they are not grounds for sexual harassment." Ehrenreich did have supporters, however, including Josephine Eicher of Mount Arlington, N.J., who said, "Ehrenreich presented clear logic that has escaped many feminists. And if the promise of commitment given to a woman by her husband is broken, how can others trust him?"

## Thoughts from Abroad

AS A U.S. CITIZEN LONG A RESIDENT IN EUROPE, I find it impossible to understand what has happened to the cherished American principles of justice and due process of law [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 9]. The "independent" counsel has spent several years and \$30 million investigating a two-bit real-estate deal and has extended the "investigation" to include the President's private life. Whether you like him or not, Clinton is a U.S. citizen and should be entitled to protection, not persecution, under the law.

*Sterling Doughty  
Adliswil, Switzerland*

IT IS VERY SAD THAT A MAJORITY OF AMERICANS think Clinton's alleged affair with a young intern isn't important. This scandal has proved that moral standards no longer exist in America.

*Tania Dudziak  
London, Ont.*

STARR IS BRINGING BACK A NEW FORM OF McCarthyism with questions like "Are you now having or have you ever had sex with the President?"

*Lorne Sidenberg  
Toronto*

IT IS TOTALLY BEYOND COMPREHENSION that a prosecutor in the land of the free can ask an adult female to testify under oath that she did or did not have a sexual relationship with an adult man, be he the President or anybody else.

*Hans Boethius  
Stockholm*

ADULTERY IS NOT A CRIME IN MOST places, nor is cross-generational intimacy. And suppose someone did lie? People have a right to lie to protect their civil rights from the state when it acts in totalitarian ways. Wouldn't you lie to the Gestapo? I feel more empathy with Clinton than with the hypocrisy of Starr.

*Alberto Cidraes  
Kanazawa, Japan*

## Conspiracy Theories

RE THE FIRST LADY'S RIGHT-WING-CONSPIRACY theory [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 9]: just because you're a little bit paranoid doesn't mean they aren't after you.

*Rudolph Schärshmidt  
Modesto, Calif.*

YOUR STORY MENTIONED THAT HILLARY Clinton served as a House committee lawyer during Watergate and said she is "sounding a bit like Tricky Dick himself." I view Hillary more like Captain

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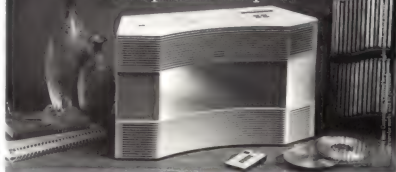
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*Al Sartor  
Walnut Creek, Calif.*

I SIMPLY CANNOT AGREE THAT THE PRESIDENT'S plight is the result of a "vast right-wing conspiracy." Given the competence and credibility of all those involved, from Starr to Lewinsky, this conspiracy can only be defined as "half-vast."

*David Arnold  
West Branch, Iowa*

## The Star Chamber in History

YOUR ARTICLE "INSIDE STARR AND HIS Operation" [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 9] said Starr's critics have taken to calling the grand-jury room "the Starr Chamber." It's interesting to note that a star chamber was a court that existed in Britain from the 15th century until 1641 and exercised wide jurisdiction under rules suited to the purposes of absolutist sov-

ereigns. This court met in secret without a jury, used torture to force confessions and handed down severe judgments. Dictionaries define a star chamber as any tribunal or investigating body that is similarly unjust and inquisitorial. If the star chamber was abolished in 1641, how come it is sitting in Washington today?

*Bonnie E. Selmer  
Cornell, Wis.*

## How Are We Doing?

YOUR READERS WOULD BE BETTER SERVED by the broader coverage that has made TIME the standard bearer for insightful reporting than by so many pages on this seandal [SPECIAL REPORT, Feb. 9]. All of us can obtain gossip from the super-market tabloids. Forget the sleaze.

*Len Blair  
Hermiston, Ore.*

IF EVER THERE WAS JUSTIFICATION FOR TIME's weekly format, the coverage of this story is it. After days of rabid TV and newspaper reporting, it was a pleasure to see the situation put into perspective. Keep up the good work!

*Steve Sando  
San Francisco*

WOULD THAT CLAUDIA WALLIS (FOUNDING editor of TIME FOR KIDS) be the editor of TIME FOR ADULTS. It would have saved readers from wading through so many pages on Clinton's problems.

*Robert E. Lindberg  
Crystal River, Fla.*

## Correction

OUR STORY ON EL NINO INCORRECTLY stated that Michael Glantz was formerly with the National Center for Atmospheric Research [SCIENCE, Feb. 16]. Glantz is still with NCAR as a senior scientist.

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VERBATIM

“Maybe there’ll be a simple, innocent explanation. I don’t think so because I think we would have offered that up already.”

**MIKE MCCURRY**,  
the White House press secretary, as quoted in the Chicago Tribune

“I think what I was proving was that only fools answer hypothetical questions.”

**MIKE MCCURRY**,  
now chastened, explaining himself to reporters

“Anybody who has anything to say that’s important knows this is the time to say it.”

**PAUL SCHULMAN**,  
media buyer, on why NBC is seeking a record \$2 million for each 30-sec. commercial in the last original episode of Seinfeld, scheduled for May 14

“I think it’s an awful drink, to be honest with you.”

**CHARLIE WATTS**,  
the drummer for the Rolling Stones, on Pepsi-Cola, which uses the band’s 1971 single Brown Sugar in a TV commercial



**HIT 'EM AGAIN? HARDER?** In Ohio last week, top Administration cheerleaders William Cohen, Madeleine Albright and Sandy Berger tried to convince dubious Buckeyes that attacking Saddam Hussein is in America’s best interests

WINNERS & LOSERS

BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY: BIG BOYS SHOULD

**AMERICAN WOMEN**

Slap-shot Cinderellas showed tons of heart in snaring the gold. And they didn't trash their rooms!

**TARA LIPINSKI**

The tiny sprite won it the hard way, coming from behind to top the accomplished Michelle Kwan

**HERMANN MAIER**

Won immortality both for his two golds and for his great fall

**AMERICAN MEN**

A Dream Team of hockey pros produced a nightmare in Nagano. Lucky they got to play Belarus

**CANADIAN MEN**

The old line "We'd win the gold if our pros were there" will never be uttered again

**CBS**

Bad weather, few stars, fluff: Ratings off 40% from '94







## THE ASIAN FLU

## Unrest in Indonesia Has Pentagon Laying Plans

PENTAGON PLANNERS ARE QUIETLY reviewing their options for how to extricate the 11,000 Americans living in Indonesia if turmoil in the South Pacific archipelago continues to escalate. Fiscal



Suharto

problems have led to a \$43 billion International Monetary Fund bailout, but the resulting austerity measures have sent the cost of basic necessities in the world's fourth most

populous country soaring, and last week rioting broke out on several islands. The anger comes from 90% of the 202 million Indonesians who are Muslims and is largely directed against the nation's ethnic Chinese, who account for only 4% of the population but control about 70% of the economy. So long as the unrest is contained by Indonesian strongman **SUHARTO**, the Pentagon doesn't think an emergency evacuation will be required. But his hold is shaky, and if increased rioting turns into wholesale violence, the U.S. military might be called on to ferry Americans to safety. —By Mark Thompson/Washington

## HOLLYWOOD

## How Katzenberg Differs From Sammy Davis Jr.

DREAMWORKS PARTNER **JEFFREY KATZENBERG** has taken some ribbing since a photo of him by **DIANA WALKER** seemingly embracing the Vice President from behind appeared in these pages two weeks ago. Was this an example of Sammy Davis Jr.-hugging-Nixon-like enthusiasm? Not quite. What happened was that Katzenberg was hanging out with **SIR ELTON JOHN** following John's rehearsal before the state dinner in honor of British Prime Minister **TONY BLAIR**. Katzenberg had been lobbying John to sing a tune he



didn't write for the very-high-stakes upcoming DreamWorks animated film *Prince of Egypt*. Unfortunately, John doesn't do songs he didn't write. Enter **HILLARY CLINTON**. (Seemingly a casual drop-by, she was actually there by prearrangement with Katzenberg in the hope that she would find John with **STEVIE WONDER** so she could urge the two to perform a duet at the dinner.) She greeted them, then asked John if he was going to sing a song for *Prince of Egypt*. John, smelling a setup, glowered at Katzenberg,

After a few minutes of chitchat, **AL GORE** entered. He greeted the group, expressed admiration for John, then asked (purely by coincidence, Katzenberg swears) if John would sing on *Prince of Egypt*. At that point, as John feigned exasperation, Katzenberg ducked for cover behind the largest immobile object in sight (cheap joke). At this writing, John is not performing on *Prince of Egypt*. However, he and Wonder did sing a duet. —By Kim Masters/Los Angeles

## GOD AND MAMMON

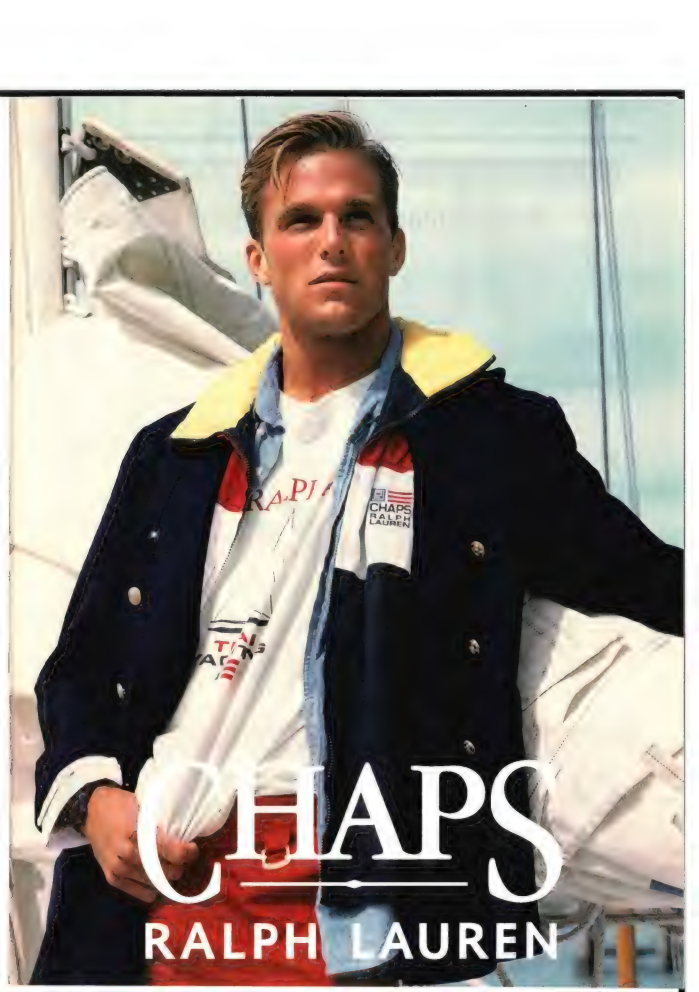
## Hard Times Hit the Promise Keepers

LAST FALL ALMOST A MILLION PROMISE Keepers assembled in Washington; this spring they are rallying to pay their bills. The head of the organization, **BILL MCCARTNEY**, has told the staff of 345 that they will not be paid after March 31. This will be very bad news for some of them. The Promise Keepers' 1996 tax returns, which were obtained by **TIME**, show that the organization's five vice presidents were paid between \$78,000 and \$100,000 each, while the president, **RANDY PHILLIPS**, earned \$132,512; their 1997 salaries were the same or higher. McCartney, who has taken less than \$21,000 in compensation, called on 3,000 ministers to donate \$1,000 each to his group. If they decline, staff members will soon have to find ways to support themselves while running the organization as volunteers. McCartney will continue with his job as a motivational speaker for a Denver water-bed company. —By Michael Connors/Denver

## THE DRAWING BOARD







CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

## Rudy Giuliani, Proctor of New York

**Y**ES, MANY OF US WHO LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY DID think Mayor Rudolph Giuliani was joking when he said he was cracking down on jaywalking. It was something Humphrey Bogart as a private eye might have said sarcastically to a homicide lieutenant whose guff he did not intend to take ("That's real good, flatfoot, but isn't it about time for you to go out and arrest another nun for jaywalking?"). But then a law student crossing Sixth Avenue got a \$50 jaywalking ticket. What we had forgotten was that Mayor Giuliani is never joking.

Jokey mayors used to be all the rage in American cities. I remember Mayor William Schaefer of Baltimore jumping into the seal pool of the National Aquarium to fulfill his promise of what he'd do if the building did not open on schedule. Mayor Schaefer was a character. Mayor Edward Koch of New York was also a character. He once said he wasn't interested in running for Governor because there weren't any decent Chinese restaurants in Albany—a perfect mayor-as-character joke that turned less funny when he decided to run for Governor. In those days, urban dwellers preferred having a character as mayor because they figured that since a large American city was unmanageable anyway, they might as well have on hand someone who at least provided some entertainment.

The prototypical mayor-as-character from the past was Fiorello La Guardia, who was a symbol of the warmth and ebullience associated with New York Italians. Mayor Giuliani has said that he models himself on La Guardia. This must

strike many New Yorkers as the equivalent of Kenneth Starr's saying that early in his life he decided to adopt the style and wit of John F. Kennedy: something got lost in the translation. (Those who believe in a just and vengeful God, as Starr apparently does, must have felt the heavens rumble when, around the time the Office of the Independent Counsel was trying to bully Monica Lewinsky's mother into telling the grand jury something truly mortifying about her daughter, Starr's mother was telling a reporter that her son's hobby in high school was shining his shoes.)

Giuliani, who may be the only Italian in the Greater New York area with no trace of personal charm, cannot be imagined in La Guardia's most memorable mayor-as-character role—reading the funnies to the city's children during a newspaper strike. We can picture him instead lecturing children about wasting their time on funnies or maybe even arresting them for reading the funnies. We can picture him saying those who disagree with him on the funnies issue are irredeemably corrupt human beings.

And yet he is a popular mayor. What might be considered the Frank Perdue school of urban analysis holds that Giuliani is popular precisely because New Yorkers, now more optimistic about the possibility that the city might be manageable after all, see him as the sort of person it takes to do the managing—a relentless proctor who is burdened by neither a sense of irony nor a sense of proportion. Once you put yourself in the hands of someone like that, of course, you'd better take care to cross the street only at designated crosswalks. ■



### TALKING THE TALK



Kofi Annan isn't the first statesman to try to broker a last-minute peace. Here are some past attempts:

1861 Secretary of State William Seward tried to avoid the Civil War in 1861 by offering to abandon Fort Sumter and provoke war with Spain. Lincoln put the kibosh on these plans, and the nation went to war.

1938 Neville Chamberlain signed the Munich Agreement in 1938, ceding the Sudetenland to Germany and announcing "peace in our time." He went down in history as the personification of misguided appeasement.

1994 Jimmy Carter went to Port-au-Prince in 1994 to persuade General Cédras to step down, as the U.S. demanded. After two days of negotiation, Carter succeeded, and Haiti just kind of chilled out.

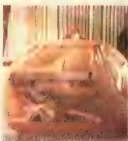
NATIONAL ARCHIVES



### THEN & NOW



1963: Volkswagen wrapped by the artist Christo



1998: Mercedes wrapped by the FBI to test for anthrax



#### F-16 FIGHTING FALCON ▲

The Fighting Falcon's jamming equipment sent Iraqi missiles swirling off course. They flew 13,500 combat sorties, but seven were lost during the war

Cost: more than \$20 million each

## Where Have All the Dollars Gone?

**C**OMBAT AIN'T CHEAP. THE GULF WAR in 1991 lasted a mere seven weeks, yet cost about \$70 billion, as much as hailing out one or two Asian economies. Should battle resume, the money will once again start to burn.



#### TOMAHAWK CRUISE MISSILE ▲

In 1991 a stunned CNN newsmen watched a ship-launched Tomahawk navigate past his Baghdad hotel room toward its last stop. We used 288 last time

Cost: \$750,000 each



#### AGM-88 HARM ▲

At least 1,000 of the creepy-sounding air-to-surface anti-radiation missiles helped deafen Iraq's air-defense radar system

Cost: \$200,000 each



#### AIM-9 SIDEWINDER ▲

During the war and the cease-fire, U.S. jets using these supersonic heat-seeking, air-to-air missiles dispatched eight Iraqi aircraft

About 35 Sidewinders were fired

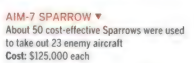
Cost: \$84,000 each



#### 20-MM SHELL

They weigh only half a pound, but when spewed at 7,200 rounds a minute from the six twirling muzzles of a Vulcan cannon, these armor-piercing shells are formidable indeed. Pentagon officials couldn't begin to estimate the number used

Cost: around \$20 each



#### AIM-7 SPARROW ▼

About 50 cost-effective Sparrows were used to take out 23 enemy aircraft

Cost: \$125,000 each



## Good, Al, But That's With a W

EVERYONE KNOWS

Allen Ginsberg was a great poet. Did he also have ESP? Here is a poem he wrote in 1949:

*Sweet Levinsky in the night  
Sweet Levinsky in the light  
do you giggle out of spite,  
or are you laughing in delight  
Sweet Levinsky, sweet Levinsky*

In other lines, Ginsberg asks if Levinsky trembles when the cock crows and employs such words as *dissemble*, *tearful* and *fearful*. The Levinsky in the poem is actually Leon Levinsky, a relatively minor character in Jack Kerouac's first novel, *The Town and the City*.

## Quick Quiz

TO WHICH RESIDENT OF 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE does this description refer?

*“(He) makes almost never-ending eye contact. The way he looks at you, it’s almost like he wants to get inside of you. You feel like you have his undivided attention, like he’d do anything to please you.”*

ANSWER: It's First Dog Buddy, characterized by trainer Greg Strong in the March issue of *George* magazine.

## HEALTH REPORT

### THE GOOD NEWS

**BONE UP** The drug Fosamax, already shown to restore bone loss in elderly women, can also prevent loss in those just beginning menopause. Researchers say it's nearly as effective as estrogen-replacement therapy.

**SALUBRIOUS SAWDUST** Food and supplements containing psyllium, a soluble fiber made of psyllium-seed husks, can lower total cholesterol as well as LDL (bad) cholesterol—so much so that the FDA will allow labels to say it.

**BABY AIDS** For developing countries where AIDS is rampant but funds scarce: a short, cheap course of AZT (one month, \$80) can cut in half AIDS transmission from infected pregnant moms to kids.



### THE BAD NEWS

**NO CHEERS HERE** Women, watch what you drink. The largest report yet on the link between breast cancer and drinking finds that the risk of breast cancer rises 9% with every 10 grams of alcohol consumed daily. That comes to about one glass of beer, wine or spirits.

**GRIT YOUR TEETH** Dental plaque, believe it or not, may be linked to heart disease. How? Animals injected with a bacterium found in plaque develop blood clots—a major cause of heart attacks.

**ORAL ALERT** Viral infections—including HIV—can be transmitted by oral sex, concludes a review of the data. The partner whose mouth is in contact appears most at risk.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: New England Journal of Medicine; Food & Drug Administration; Centers for Disease Control

Sources: IARC; American Association for the Advancement of Science; Sexually Transmitted Infections

## A Virtual Swiss Bank for the Rest of Us

**G**OT THE URGE FOR OFFSHORE BANKING but not the cash to try it? Rather than saving up for a plane ticket to Grand Cayman, check out a new online bank opening its virtual doors this week. Sicherheit und Privat (Security and Privacy) is an Austrian bank that offers encrypted communications, digital cash transactions and a privacy-protected MasterCard for a minimum deposit of \$1,000 (as opposed to \$10K to \$50K in a typical Swiss bank). Could be just the thing for low rollers trying to hide cash from a spouse's divorce lawyers—or the IRS.

## Capitalist Tool

**EVEN THE SAVVIEST WEB surfers still get fooled by sleazy sites that sneak innocuous words like child care into nasty porn hubs.** The problem is that most search engines aren't smart enough to separate the meat from the spam. Last week a start-up called Goto offered the perfect capitalistic solution: *goto.com*, the search engine that ranks sites by what they're willing to fork over. If Chrysler pays Goto more than Ford, it'll pop up first when you hunt for a good deal on a new car. And because smut sites are too cheap (or popular) to pay for promotion, you won't see Pamela Lee. Unless, of course, you ask for her.



Race for Atlantis, the first IMAX thrill ride, offers stunning 3-D views of the mythical kingdom



## Suspended Animation

**Y**OUR MISSION FROM THE GODS. SHOULD YOU CHOOSE TO accept it, is to fly a hurtling chariot past crashing boulders and evil goblins to win the Race for Atlantis. It may be just an optical illusion, but the new attraction at Las Vegas' Caesars Palace is a real breakthrough, the first ride to marry the computer-generated gyrations of a state-of-the-art motion simulator with the immersive wide-screen splendor of an IMAX film. For \$9.50, racers wearing 3-D headsets are enveloped in fog and 14,000 watts of digital sound for 8 min. of stomach-churning visceral reality that puts to shame its cross-town rival, Star Trek: The Experience. Even the gods would be impressed.

—By Patrick E. Cole/Las Vegas

## SURF REPORT

**SPIDERMAN ON THE WEB** Marvel Entertainment last week became the first comic-book publisher to post original content online—and charge a fee for it.

Marvel's rationale: [www.marvelzone.com](http://www.marvelzone.com) delivers stories not available in print. Free Websites hosted by DC Comics and others are designed to send fans to the comic-book racks.



## SPORTSWARE

**AIR APPARENT** It may not have a microchip inside, but Reebok's new \$100 Lightning is one smart shoe. When the DMX-enhanced sneaker (whatever that means) hits the ground, it automatically adapts to the pressure you put on it—distributing air through six chambers to create extra cushioning for the smoothest possible ride.



## EDUTECH



**PLAYTIME** Worried that video games won't prepare your kids for the rigors of college? Just send them to the DigiPen Institute of Technology in Redmond, Wash., which offers the world's first fully accredited four-year bachelor-of-science program in "real-time interactive simulation."



**Digital\_Nervous\_System:**  
**from information to knowledge**





## What is a Digital\_Nervous\_System?

**Today, how your company manages information may be the one factor that determines its failure or success—or runaway success.**

**Of course, how well you manage information depends on the technology you use. When your technology system lets everyone in your company harness and share information freely, we call it a Digital\_Nervous\_System.**

**With a Digital\_Nervous\_System, the best thinking can happen at all levels. Information becomes knowledge. And knowledge becomes an advantage.**

**A Digital\_Nervous\_System relies on connected PCs and integrated software to make information flow more rich, rapid and accurate. It helps everyone act faster and make more informed decisions. It prepares your company to react to unplanned events. It helps close the gap between your company and its customers. It lets people focus on business, not technology.**





What does that mean in human terms? Say your competition suddenly drops its prices. With a Digital\_Nervous\_System, you could put together a SWAT team that collaborates online to come up with a new pricing structure. Fast. They could send the new prices company-wide instantly by posting them on your intranet. And a sales guy on a call could access the new pricing from his laptop to close a deal.

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And at its heart is software that acts alike, works alike, thinks alike.

Naturally, we believe our software provides the best foundation for a Digital\_Nervous\_System. We built Microsoft® Windows®, Office and BackOffice® from the ground up to work together in the same familiar way. To provide the greatest level of software integration possible.

And because Windows, Office and BackOffice also work with an industry's worth of applications, it's easier for you to solve a variety of business problems. And your IT people are better equipped to build and adapt a system that meets your company's unique needs over time.

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The *Plus* means better.

## MILESTONES

**BORN.** To übermodel from Down Under **ELLE MACPHERSON**, 32, and financier boyfriend **ARPAD ("ARKI") BUSSON**, a boy, Arpad Flynn Bussón; in New York City.



**DIED. BOB MERRILL**, 77, songwriting polymath whose hits ranged from *How Much Is That Doggie in the Window?* to Barbra Streisand's signature *People*; in Los Angeles. Merrill started his career writing such airy novelties for Tin Pan Alley as *If I Knew You Were Coming I'd've Baked a Cake and Mambo Italiano*. He racked up 18 Top 10 hits between 1949 and 1956. His success continued on Broadway where he wrote the lyrics for *Funny Girl* and *Carnival*, among many others. Merrill also wrote screenplays, including one for *Mahogany*, starring Diana Ross.

**DIED. HARRY CARAY**, 83, irrepresible baseball announcer who had much more to say than "Holy cow!"; in Rancho Mirage, Calif. He spent nearly 60 years behind the mike, the last 27 in Chicago.

**DIED. MARTHA GELLHORN**, 89, war correspondent, novelist and, only incidentally, Ernest Hemingway's third wife; in London. Gellhorn's dispatches, first filed during the Spanish Civil War and continuing through World War II and Vietnam, focused on the ordi-

nary and powerless. An avid traveler and prolific journalist, she also wrote novels and short stories. Gellhorn married Hemingway in 1940. She left him five years later, the only one of his four wives to do so. He reportedly remained bitter for the rest of his life, and she remained irritated for being best known as his former wife.



**DIED. ERNST JUNGER**, 102, militaristic German writer, in Wilflingen, Germany. Jünger's controversial early novels extolled German nationalism and totalitarianism and attracted a following among the emerging Nazi Party. He rejected the party, however, and in 1939 wrote a novel critical of a thinly disguised Hitler. In later years he publicly repudiated the bellicosity of his youth.



## NUMBERS



**\$840 million:** *Titanic's* worldwide box-office gross

**\$962 million:** Box-office gross of the last 11 Jack Nicholson movies, including *As Good As It Gets*, *Mars Attacks!*, *Blood & Wine*, *The Evening Star*, *The Crossing Guard*, *Wolf*, *Hoffa*, *A Few Good Men*, *Man Trouble*, *The Two Jakes* and *Batman*

**\$29,900:** Sale price of a 2.4 oz. piece of cake from the 1937 wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor that was auctioned off last week

**\$29,000:** Price of 100 oz. of gold today



**12.57:** The record-breaking amount of rain, in inches, that has fallen on San Francisco so far in February

**120:** Number of years that monthly record stood



**23:** Number of senior and general Army officers accused of criminal offenses in the past 3 years

**23:** Number of officers who were allowed to retire without prosecution

Sources: Exhibits, Britannica, Internet Movie Database, USA Today, Society's AP, New York Times

## EULOGY

Sometime in the 1960s Harry Caray found himself in Memphis, Tenn. The phone rang in his hotel room. "Harry," the voice said, "this is Elvis Presley. I grew up in Mississippi listening to you call the Cardinal games on KMOX. I think you're the greatest. I'm sending a car over to bring you to Graceland." There, by Caray's account, the two sat till the early-morning hours, eating barbecue, drinking Budweiser and talking baseball.

Entertainers loved Harry Caray. He counted many, Sinatra and Elvis included, as friends. And why not? Caray himself was a kind of performance artist, working from a broadcast booth instead of a stage. The Harry Caray Elvis heard in the '50s and '60s was a truly great announcer; his



outsized personality combined with exceptional broadcasting skills. In recent years, with age and illness, those skills diminished, leaving only Harry: the voice, the windshield-size glasses, the passion for the game that made him the fan's announcer. And that was good enough.

Some guys can just hold an audience. In baseball, no matter the score, fans have never left the park until Babe Ruth, Stan Musial, Willie Mays or Junior Griffey has had his last turn at-bat. And at Wrigley Field, even if the Cubs trailed by 10, no one ever left before Harry Caray sang *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Only then was the experience complete. Hey, Elvis, wherever you are—your pal Harry has left the building.

—By Bob Costas

CLINTON'S CRISES

# SELLING THE WAR

TIME

**FORWARD GUY**  
Albright stays on message at the town meeting in Columbus, with backup from Cohen and Berger



**FORMAL PROTEST** Rick Thisis, a dissenter, finally gets to ask his question at the Ohio town meeting



# BADLY

By **BRUCE W. NELAN**

**H**ALFWAY THROUGH THE RUMPUS IN COLUMBUS, SHELL-shocked officials from the White House, State Department and Pentagon formed a worried huddle on a side aisle of Ohio State University's basketball arena. The place was so rowdy and raucous, they thought, it was threatening to dissolve into chaos. What should they do? Should they pull the plug on this so-called town meeting and hustle their bosses off the center-court stage?

Secretary of State Madeleine Albright was scowling, calling for quiet. Defense Secretary William Cohen looked stunned, disbelieving, his toe tapping nervously under his seat. National Security Adviser Sandy Berger hunkered down in his chair, his face stony. But they

**As Washington's foreign-policy stars are shouted down at Ohio State, U.S. war plans fail to score points with allies, old enemies or even the wobbly Arab states that live next door to Iraq**

## CLINTON'S CRISES



**“I want an understanding that will help my mission and make it successful.”**

—KOFI ANNAN,  
setting off for Baghdad

stuck it out for the full 90 minutes, raising their voices over heckling, shouts and chanted slogans like “We don’t want your racist war.” When campus police hauled out some of the loudest, other students joined in the protest. Voices from the balcony of the 13,897-seat arena screamed, “The whole world’s watching!” It was a bit of a time warp: Berkeley and the ‘60s fast-forwarded to 1998.

An estimated 200 million people in countries and territories around the world were tuned to CNN as what was supposed to be the Administration’s *Donahue*-style talk show suddenly lurched into an updated version of a Vietnam-era teach-in. The selling of Operation Desert Thunder had become a public relations debacle. But it wasn’t just the noisy minority doing what comes naturally to university students, or the obvious discomfort among the TV people on the floor. What really damaged the sales pitch of Washington’s three amigos was the questions from scholars, veterans and other upstanding citizens in the audience of 6,000.

Some questioned America’s moral right to bomb Iraq, while others demanded that this time the U.S. do the job properly and get rid of Saddam Hussein. The prospect of war managed to anger the political left and right simultaneously. And the replies they got from the nation’s top foreign-policy officials were limp, cant-filled and suspiciously incomplete. Columbus mirrored the very same problem President Bill Clinton faces in trying to persuade most of America’s allies, the Arab world and marginally friendly countries like Russia and China. He hasn’t done any better with them than his advisers did in the heartland.

Albright, Cohen and Berger should have known they were handling a booby-trapped assignment that could explode in their faces. Americans are always reluctant to get into foreign wars, preferring neutrality and shrinking from the shedding of blood, even the enemy’s. They wanted to stay out of World War II until Pearl Harbor made the choices crystal clear. Even in 1991, with 500,000 troops poised in the Persian Gulf, the U.S. Senate voted only 52 to 47 in favor of attacking Saddam to drive him out of Kuwait. Americans don’t like the mission to Bosnia, and they hated the intervention in Haiti.

Last week, as usual, the U.S. public was being brought into the picture very late, only a couple of weeks before a complicated and dangerous foreign adventure was likely to begin. Clinton does it this way all the time, partly because he flutters and floats about his own course of action. He and his advisers assume the country has a short attention span and they can explain a clear choice and a timetable only when their own resolve becomes clear.

Time is growing short. U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan arrived in Baghdad last week on what he admitted was one last diplomatic effort to solve the impasse over inspections. As Annan headed off, he got Washington's "terms of reference" in a personal phone call from Clinton. The President spelled out "red lines" on what the U.S. will not accept, mainly anything that dilutes the authority or responsibility of the U.N. Special Commission's weapons inspectors. The U.S. is willing to go along with the suggestion of soothing Saddam's offended sense of sovereignty by sending Security Council diplomats along with the inspectors, but not if the diplomats get in the way or try to limit inspections anywhere and everywhere. "If a few diplomats were to accompany UNSCOM under certain conditions," says State Department spokesman James Rubin, "we don't have a problem with that." But the commission must have "operational control and access to sites it does not now have access to."

Direct phone lines were set up from the U.N. and the State Department to Annan's delegation in Baghdad. Albright and U.N. Ambassador Bill Richardson stood by to take reports from Annan and provide a U.S. response to any offers from Saddam. Annan was expected to return to New York City on Tuesday and report to the Security Council formally on Wednesday.

The White House is broadcasting at full volume and plans a Clinton address to the nation if any military action is to be undertaken. But the Administration is advertising a complicated and unsatisfying product. Clinton's policy on Iraq, as he admits, is not one that will either get rid of Saddam or wipe out his capacity to build and stockpile weapons of mass destruction—chemical and biological—and the missiles to carry them. The plan to bomb anyway, if Saddam does not allow U.N. inspectors free entry everywhere, and then maybe bomb again later, sounds like a series of half measures. It doesn't sit well with Americans.

Ohio's displeasure was so plain that some officials holding a postmortem in Washington fretted aloud about "whether the town hall sent a bad message to Saddam." (Answer: Yes. Iraqi state television played portions of the basketball-court fiasco over and over.) That worry probably accounts for the White House's revived interest in getting a vote of support from the

Senate if Annan returns from his mission to Baghdad without unconditional agreement from Saddam to open his palace doors to inspectors.

What Clinton is proposing is a cold war-style containment of Iraq, a long-range and unpalatable option. In a televised speech at the Pentagon last Tuesday, the President wore a properly dark suit and a somber, clenched-jawed expression. He seemed uncomfortable and spoke in a monotone that some of the senior officers listening found "flat" and "uninspiring." Force, Clinton said, was sometimes the only answer.

A CIA paper made public the same day



## TAKING NOTES

Deputy Prime Minister Tariq Aziz, right, gets his instructions from Saddam Hussein during a meeting in Baghdad. The Iraqi leader will decide whether the crisis plays out with bombs or with new negotiations

the President spoke reported that the U.N.'s inspectors "believe Iraq maintains a small force of Scud-type missiles, a small stockpile of chemical and biological munitions" and the ability to produce more of them quickly. A U.S. and British bombing strike, Clinton told his Pentagon audience, "can and will leave him significantly worse off than he is now" and reduce Saddam's ability to attack his neighbors. "If he seeks to rebuild his weapons of mass destruction, we will be prepared to strike him again." Clinton even trotted out some cold war

rhetoric, warning that coping with Saddam "requires constant vigilance."

It is what Clinton's advisers have been saying for months: continued economic sanctions, constant threats of military action and occasional punitive bombing make up the only realistic policy for keeping Saddam from becoming a threat to the Middle East. It might take a long time, because Saddam does not seem ready to leave the scene and the U.S. is unwilling to go in and get him. No wonder this is a hard sell.

The Clinton team likes to say that most of the world supports the U.S. stand. That's half right. Most of the world does agree that Saddam should live up to the Security

Council resolutions he has accepted and should allow inspectors to check any building they think necessary, including the so-called presidential sites. But having said that, most countries balk at enforcing the rules with air strikes. Some honestly believe more diplomacy will do the trick, and some, like China, oppose any sanctions that might someday be turned on themselves.

Perhaps the most carefully nuanced view is France's, though many of America's allies think along the same lines. France wants to do business in Iraq's oil fields, but French officials insist they are not pro-Saddam. They'd like to see the last of him too. But

they have no faith in the methods Washington is proposing. Air strikes of the size now gathering steam in the gulf, the French say, are a no-win policy that can only benefit Saddam. The bombs will miss his weapons, kill Iraqi civilians and rally support for Saddam at home and in the Arab world. The French government assumes that after an air strike, Saddam will throw out the U.N. inspectors altogether, and that will be the end of the outside world's ability to monitor his biological, chemical, and nuclear-weapons programs.

After Albright toured the region three weeks ago, peddling the bomb-and-then-bomb-again policy, she returned saying she had broad support and intimated that Arab leaders were more accommodating in private than in public. As soon as she landed in Washington, the support began slipping away. Egypt pronounced against military action. Turkey and Saudi Arabia told the U.S. it could not use air bases on their soil to attack Iraq. Then Bahrain's Information Minister announced that no strikes



## CLINTON'S CRISES



**DEFENSIVE LINE** U.S. infantry troops pile into Kuwait to guard against an Iraqi thrust

could be mounted from his country, a key land base for U.S. fighters and warships.

As one of the questioners at Ohio State asked, What is Clinton up to if Saddam's neighbors don't want the U.S. to bomb? Aren't they afraid? Israel certainly is, but the others are of two minds. They see Saddam as brutal and menacing, but they don't think he's about to do anything terrible to them right now. They assume that if he gets nasty and tries to attack again, the U.S. will slap him down. But they are skittish about provoking a sleeping beast and fear he might retaliate. They don't trust Saddam's judgment under bombardment, assuming

that he could use his terror weapons as a last resort. A Jordanian official says, "You don't poke a lion."

Some of Iraq's next-door neighbors are afraid the country will fall apart if the U.S. hits it too hard. With Iraq pulverized, Iran becomes the biggest military power in the area. If the Shi'ite southern area of Iraq breaks away, Shi'ite Iran might gobble it up and move on to Saudi Arabia's eastern province, also Shi'ite and home to the kingdom's most important oil fields. At the same time, Iran would be deeply worried if the northern segment of Iraq were to break away and create an independent Kurdi-

stan. Turkey and Syria share that worry. So while the surrounding states would like to see Saddam disarmed, they are less than certain they want his regime to collapse.

Arab states, like many others, think the U.N.'s economic sanctions have gone too far and are hurting Iraqi civilians who have no say in who leads their country. Arab governments also worry about their own biggest internal threat: religious fundamentalists who despise the U.S. and the regimes, like Saudi Arabia and Bahrain, that have military links with the Great Satan. The states of the gulf are not strong and brave nations with firm bases; they are traditional monarchies struggling to survive in changing, threatening times.

While the Arabs think the U.S. is scheming and manipulating events, Saddam is calling the shots in the current crisis. He created it and will decide its outcome. His strategy is visible. Saddam is determined to keep his weapons of mass destruction, using them to boost his prestige and as a threat and deterrent against all the neighbors who do not love him, starting with Iran. He wants to fend off the U.N. inspectors and get out from under the sanctions grinding down his economy.

How does he do it? He begins by refusing to allow the inspectors into his far-flung compounds and intelligence-service headquarters. Saddam is trying to persuade the Security Council that the inspections as well as the embargo must come to an end. Failing that, he can endure and survive an American bombardment, emerging to greet a world newly sympathetic to Iraqi suffering and outraged by American bullying. His defiance brings him admiration; his resistance rallies his people to his side. The U.N. inspectors will be gone, and the embargo will be shakier than ever. He probably figures that even if he cannot get a vote in the Security Council to lift the economic sanctions, many countries will simply ignore them.

Saddam has a great advantage as he plays his deadly game. He has shown over and over that he does not care what happens to his people so long as he survives in power. He is cynical and an accomplished risk taker. He may have given up hope that wily diplomacy could break the U.N.'s grip on his weapons and economy and may be willing to take the gamble with American and British air power. If not—if he has hopes of playing yet another diplomatic round—he will pass the word to Kofi Annan. It's his last chance.

—Reported by  
**Bruce Crumley/Paris, William Dowell/U.N.,  
Johanna McGeary/Baghdad and Mark Thompson  
and Douglas Waller/Washington**



George Bush and Brent Scowcroft

## WHY WE DIDN'T REMOVE SADDAM

**T**HE END OF EFFECTIVE IRAQI RESISTANCE CAME WITH A RAPIDITY WHICH SURPRISED US ALL, AND WE WERE PERHAPS PSYCHOLOGICALLY UNPREPARED FOR THE SUDDEN TRANSITION FROM FIGHTING TO PEACEMAKING. TRUE TO THE GUIDELINES WE HAD ESTABLISHED, WHEN WE HAD ACHIEVED OUR STRATEGIC OBJECTIVES (EJECTING IRAQI FORCES FROM KUWAIT AND ERODING SADDAM'S THREAT TO THE REGION) WE STOPPED THE FIGHTING. BUT THE NECESSARY LIMITATIONS PLACED ON OUR OBJECTIVES, THE LOG OF WAR, AND THE LACK OF "BATTLESHIP MISSOURI" SURRENDER UNFORTUNATELY LEFT UNRESOLVED PROBLEMS, AND NEW ONES AROSE.

We were disappointed that Saddam's defeat did not break his hold on power, as many of our Arab allies had predicted and we had come to expect. President Bush repeatedly declared that the fate of Saddam Hussein was up to the Iraqi people. Occasionally, he indicated that removal of Saddam would be welcome, but for very practical reasons there was never a promise to aid an uprising. While we hoped that popular revolt or coup would topple Saddam, neither the U.S. nor the countries of the region wished to see the breakup of the Iraqi state. We were concerned about the long-term balance of power at the head of the Gulf. Trying to eliminate Saddam, extending the ground war into an occupation of Iraq, would have violated our guideline about not changing objectives in midstream, engaging in "mission creep," and would have incurred incalculable human and political costs. Apprehending him was probably impossible. We had been unable to find Noriega in Panama, which we knew intimately. We would have been forced to occupy Baghdad and, in effect, rule Iraq. The coalition would instantly have collapsed, the Arabs deserting it in anger and other allies pulling out as well. Under those circumstances, furthermore, we had been self-consciously trying to set a pattern for handling aggression in the post-cold war world. Going in and occupying Iraq, thus unilaterally exceeding the U.N.'s mandate, would have destroyed the precedent of international response to aggression we hoped to establish. Had we gone the invasion route, the U.S. could conceivably still be an occupying power in a bitterly hostile land. It would have been a dramatically different—and perhaps barren—outcome.

We discussed at length forcing Saddam himself to accept the terms of Iraqi defeat at Safwan—just north of the Kuwait-Iraq border—and thus the responsibility and political consequences for the humiliation of such a devastating defeat. In the end, we asked ourselves what we would do if he refused. We concluded that we would be left with two options: continue the conflict until he backed down, or retreat from our demands. The latter would have sent a disastrous signal. The former would have split our

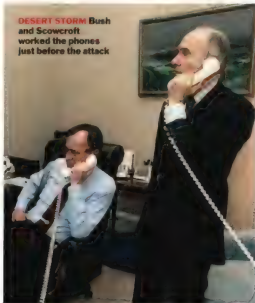
Arab colleagues from the coalition and, de facto, forced us to change our objectives. Given those unpalatable choices, we allowed Saddam to avoid personal surrender and permitted him to send one of his generals. Perhaps we could have devised a system of selected punishment, such as air strikes on different military units, which would have proved a viable third option, but we had fulfilled our well-defined mission; Safwan was waiting.

As the conflict wound down, we felt a sense of urgency on the part of the coalition Arabs to get it over with and return to normal. This meant quickly withdrawing U.S. forces to an absolute minimum. Earlier there had been some concern in Arab ranks that once they allowed U.S. forces into the Middle East, we would be there to stay. Saddam's propaganda machine fanned these worries. Our prompt withdrawal helped cement our position with our Arab allies, who now trusted us far more than they ever had. We had come to their assistance in their time

of need, asked nothing for ourselves, and left again when the job was done. Despite some criticism of our conduct of the war, the Israelis too had their faith in us solidified. We had shown our ability—and willingness—to intervene in the Middle East in a decisive way when our interests were challenged. We had also crippled the military capability of one of their most bitter enemies in the region. Our new credibility (coupled with Yasser Arafat's need to redeem his image after backing the wrong side in the war) had a quick and substantial payoff in the form of a Middle East peace conference in Madrid.

The Gulf War had far greater significance to the emerging post-cold war world than simply reversing Iraqi aggression and restoring Kuwait. Its magnitude and significance impelled us from the outset to extend our strategic vision beyond the crisis to the kind of precedent we should lay down for the

future. From an American foreign-policy-making perspective, we sought to respond in a manner which would win broad domestic support and which could be applied universally to other crises. In international terms, we tried to establish a model for the use of force. First and foremost was the principle that aggression cannot pay. If we dealt properly with Iraq, that should go a long way toward dissuading future would-be aggressors. We also believed that the U.S. should not go it alone, that a multilateral approach was better. This was, in part, a practical matter. Mounting an effective military counter to Iraq's invasion required the backing and bases of Saudi Arabia and other Arab states. ■



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**FUNERAL DAY** Coffins with the bodies of the young are carried through the streets of Baghdad

worst. "What would we do now?" he asks. "If it comes, we will survive again."

No real signs of war fever disturb the bedraggled city. People say the army has been moving its tanks and guns into the desert, to remote desert bivouacs where they hope U.S. missiles cannot find them. Command centers near the highway to Jordan, the only land link out of this isolated country, have been abandoned as generals disperse to makeshift headquarters. Antiaircraft guns ring the airport where U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan landed for the talks that Iraqis dare to hope will forestall the bombs. "We want him to bring peace," says a shopkeeper watching the babies' coffins go by. "We pray to Allah to help him bring peace."

## PARADE OF THE DEAD BABIES

A TIME correspondent sees the anger and despair of Iraq's people

By JOHANNA MCGEARY BAGHDAD

**G**RIM AND DESOLATE: THAT'S BOTH Iraq's landscape and its state of mind. The once proud city of Baghdad wears the rags of poverty: marble chipping off the extravagant examples of modern architecture built in an era of prosperity, doors and window glass for sale from middle-class villas, grime and time eating away the old tenements of the poor. Everyone in the streets looks shabby and tired. You see few smiling faces, and only the black-market profiteers and smugglers are well dressed. Sandy dust coats everything in a city slipping back into the desert.

A few try to escape it all. Kids squeal as they ride high on the Ferris wheel at the Luna Park fun fair, while their parents chat and stroll. At 10 a.m., boats blaring disco music ply the filthy Tigris River; for a few hours, Iraq's youth can try to forget their current misery and fearful future as they rock to the beat.

Over in Martyrs Square, it is Funeral Day. A woman in blue marshals the ranks of girl students bused in to chant, "They killed our babies," and in English, "One, two, three, four. We don't want war" as the foreign cameras come by. There is a tense quiet, though, as 57 orange-and-white taxis drive by, each bearing the small coffin of a dead child labeled with his or her name: Haider Hatami, 25 days; Mohammed, one month. The little bodies have been stored in hospital morgues, some for weeks,

against Muslim law, stockpiled for these step-piece processions. The government brings in the protesters, pulling volunteers out of restaurants to join. But the marchers are expressing genuine anger, and most of it is aimed at America. "Our babies die because of you!" shouts a woman dressed in a black chador with a tiny weeping child in her arms. "We need peace and milk, not war!" cries another. "We have nothing left," chimes in a third. "War will only destroy us all over again." Their faces contort in fury and frustration as they grab our sleeves, desperate for money and attention.

In the 14th of Ramadan Café alongside the square, young men in frayed suits and old men in shabby jellabas sip tea or puff on water pipes, while backgammon counters slap, slap in the background. An old mural shows a young Saddam smiling; next to it a photo mural depicts an older, grimmer leader. There is nothing to eat here at the café except some custard puddings and a pile of Turkish delight. Holes near the roof line are filled in with little cardboard squares. The windows are half covered in tattered plastic. The men say they are resigned to more bombs destroying their city. "I cannot change it," says a 65-year-old backgammon player as his friends nod agreement, "so I do not worry. I will just defend myself and my country as I can." Americans, he says, "should not do this, because if they do, the world will turn against them." An unemployed engineer says there is no point in preparing for the

A visitor in the streets feels no tangible fear or frenzy, no outward anxiety that attack is imminent. Baghdad's new poor are worrying as always about their daily bread. A lucky man might earn 4,000 dinars a month, the price of a kilo of meat. Families get by on soup and rice, for lunch and dinner. Women in the streets peddle rings and bracelets to help pay rent; children beg everywhere, offering a few pathetic sticks of incense or just a sad look on their haggard faces. Middle-class families long ago sold off their television sets, rugs and extra clothes; now they flog basic necessities like bedsteads and chairs. One grimy apartment overlooking Martyrs Square contains nothing but blankets on the floor, one chair and a hot plate. Only the super-rich can afford the 11 types of condiments and Uncle Ben's rice at the upscale supermarket.

Saddam Hussein looms over the square; an overly realistic statue gives him a sizable paunch. Yet where once Iraqis indicated at least in subtle ways how they despised him, the years of the embargo have turned almost all their ire against the enemy outside. If Saddam doesn't give them food, at least he stands up for Iraq's national dignity, stoking their patriotism and resentment. "Why do Americans only want war?" asks one of the funeral mourners. "We have nothing left. We cannot hurt you. But you still want to kill us." She turns away, then adds defiantly, "We are not afraid of you anymore." ■

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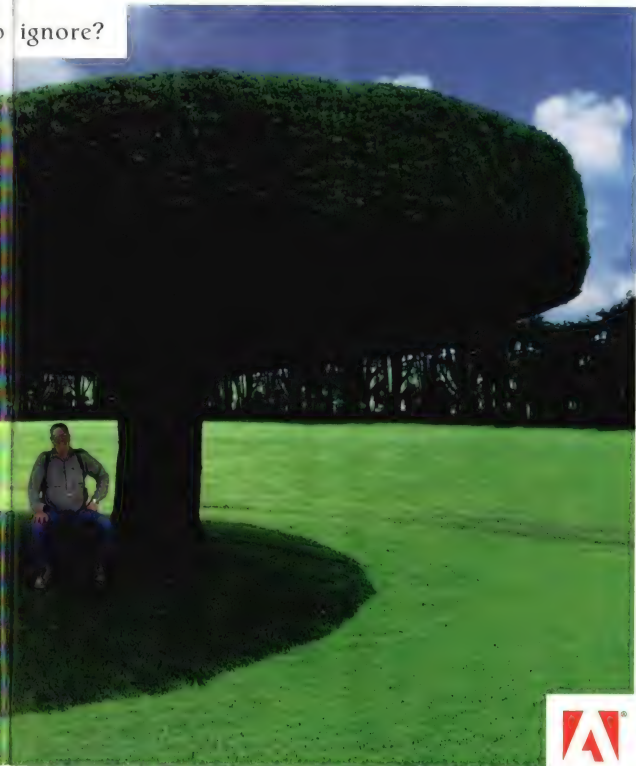
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# TWIN PEAKS LOVE &

**How Clinton's credibility and ability to focus on one crisis may affect the other**

By NANCY GIBBS

**I**N THE GAUDY MANSION OF CLINTON'S MIND THERE ARE many rooms with heavy doors, workrooms and playrooms, rooms stuffed with trophies, rooms to stash scandals and regrets. He walks lightly amid the ironies of his talents and behavior, just by consigning them to different cubbies of his brain. It's an almost scary mind, that of a multitasking wizard who plays hearts while he talks on the phone with a head of state, who sits through a dense briefing on chemical weapons intently doing a crossword puzzle, only to take reporters' questions hours later and repeat whole sections of the briefing word for word.

And so America has watched for a month now as Clinton lives day to day in Monica Lewinsky's long shadow, trying to get on with running the country while keeping her locked up in never-never land. Last week, as attention finally turned to Iraq, he was asking the public to compartmentalize too, lay aside any doubts about his honor and follow him into war. If that was a lot to ask of a peaceful and prosperous nation, it was even more to ask of himself. And sometimes it showed. When he stood before the Pentagon's generals and spoke of stonewalling and delays and deception and cheating on solemn commitments, rejecting Saddam's claims that his vast, fortified "presidential palaces" should be off limits to weapons inspectors because, after all, "we're not talking about a few rooms here with delicate personal matters involved," you had to wonder, What was weighing most on his mind?

The two crises unfold side by side: there is now a Monica team made up largely of hired outsiders who are quietly, carefully constructing their contingency plans to respond to whatever she may say, in public or in court, and an Iraq squad stuffed with generals and diplomats and political advisers trying to figure out how to sell the least worst option for responding to Saddam and conducting the war if it comes. The Monica team has no public face, never says much, spends a lot of time in secret legal proceedings and has a clear goal: to keep the President in office. The Iraq team, on the other hand, has a goal no one can easily sell, and a dozen



# PERILS OF & WAR

spokesmen and -women who fanned out last week in full dress.

It was then, for the first time, that the President's failure to deliver two coherent narratives seemed to merge into a single credibility problem. The public says it doesn't really care if he had sex with Lewinsky, and many seem to suggest they could forgive him for lying about it, but that could change if he falters as Commander in Chief. Lewinsky could sneak up on him through the door of war, bringing along questions of judgment, candor and discipline. A clean win in Iraq would strengthen the impulse to let these charges fade away; but few in the White House hold out much hope that anything clean or clear will come out of this, and a messy aftermath won't exactly let him bask in the vindication of victory.

For now, the President who once said he didn't want to spend much time on foreign affairs can be grateful for a difficult-to-explain policy toward Iraq because it distracts him from the impossible-to-explain stories of late-night visits, gifts sent and retrieved and job offers from heaven. But his efforts to manage the crisis are complicated by the facts that he is isolated within the White House as never before, his staff is distracted, his Democratic allies are apprehensive, and his poll numbers are floating like clouds, so high and so very soft.

IT HAS GENERALLY BEEN TRUE THAT A WHITE HOUSE CAN handle only one crisis at a time. So the last thing Clinton needed last week was another p.r. disaster. Many inside the White House and on Capitol Hill were astonished that a moment as important as the Columbus, Ohio, town meeting could yield such a foul-up. "Any one of us should have recognized that we needed a presidential-level advance for that," said spokesman Mike McCurry. In private, others admitted that many of the normal keepers of the President's image were so wrapped up in the bedclothes that they had no extra reserves of vigilance for a foreign-policy event at which Clinton wasn't speaking. "It was an island unto itself—the normal White House team wasn't involved," said an adviser. "In fact, there was no real level of awareness on our part until last Sunday of what they were planning to do. It wasn't the right moment for a town-hall forum. And the participants weren't ready for prime time."

Behind the Columbus meeting there was an actual strategy at work, cooked up by the National Security Council message shop. The Administration hoped to show its unusually collegial foreign-policy team, the ABC trio of Madeleine Albright, Sandy Berger and William Cohen, working so well together, taking the case for a distant war into the heartland. Albright especially is a commanding presence, a former professor comfortable on her feet with a lesson to deliver, a flack without peer when it comes to hawking a policy



PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS

## CLINTON'S CRISES

to the public and the media. The White House and Albright's aides had negotiated exclusive television rights to CNN to be sure of live coverage all around the world, including, of course, Baghdad. CNN and government advance people had hoped to use a smaller, more intimate concert hall, but when it wasn't available, they happily agreed on the big arena. And Ohio State University, according to White House officials, insisted that it be open to the general public, which allowed all comers. "Between CNN and OSU," says an official, "we were limited in our ability to influence the event." Which begs the question of why they scheduled it in the first place. That homey, Yankee tradition of a folksy town meeting is great for campaign rallies and safe issues like health care or job training. It's no way to sell a war. Armchair spin doctors noted that Albright alone, or any one of the speakers alone, standing up at a lectern, would not have been such a big, passive target and could have changed the emotional balance. The forum could have been held in a smaller hall, with a crowd carefully prescreened in the usual fashion for the White House road show. Instead it was the wrong people in the wrong place in front of the wrong audience: the hecklers put the panel on the defensive, three Budweiser frogs bobbing weakly on gusts of mob emotion. "Sure hope the war," a Navy official sighed, "is planned better than the town meeting."

A Democratic staff member in the House called Rahm Emanuel, the President's senior adviser for politics and policy, to rib him about the scene. Emanuel's portfolio is broad, but he usually sticks to domestic issues, politics and damage control. For the past few weeks, he has focused almost exclusively on handling the Lewinsky affair. "Hey, Rahm, do you do foreign policy?" the aide asked. Emanuel's terse reply: "I do now."

The fallout was bad enough to help shift the war strategy. Until Columbus, the White House had been unsure whether it wanted—or needed—a congressional resolution in support of a bombing campaign. But late last week, said some in the Democratic leadership in the House and the Republican leadership in the Senate, the White House began floating the possibility of having an Iraq vote soon after lawmakers return from their recess on Tuesday. And it won't be an easy sell. Lawmakers on both sides say President Clinton has to say please before they will give him what he wants. Many were not impressed by the briefings they have had so far. "The question that loomed large in the room was, 'What do we do after the bombing?'" recalls Senator John McCain. "They didn't have an answer."

Within the confines of the Capitol, it is virtually impossible to disentangle the politics of foreign policy from the politics of scandal. True or not, say many lawmakers, the perception is that Clinton was too distracted by Lewinsky to prepare a well-crafted strategy that would leave the U.S. and its allies better off after launching a bombing campaign. "Anybody who believes that the President's personal problems are not a distraction is living on another planet," says Republican Senator Chuck Hagel, a Vietnam veteran. "He's got his hands full. I'm sure there is always that peripheral piece go-

ing on in his mind about who goes before the grand jury next."

For Republicans who would like to see Clinton impeached or forced to resign, the hope is that his popularity will have ebbed by the time Kenneth Starr hands them the case, and that a drop in Clinton's support will cause wavering Democrats to begin staking out positions away from the President. A Clinton supporter told TIME that in his conversations with colleagues, he was hard pressed to find anyone who believed the President's story. But he also said that no Democratic lawmakers were showing signs of abandoning the President. Yet, "If his numbers went south, people around here would be panicked about the election."

Clinton's foes were not about to waste a chance to draw the connection. Missouri's ambitious Senator John Ashcroft, speaking, not coincidentally, in New Hampshire, thundered that America needed "a leader, not a lawyer. A President who pleads the Fifth Amendment to the American people has abandoned his moral leader-

### INSIDE SPIN CITY



**EMANUEL**  
The President humiliated him when he wanted to be chief of staff, but turned to him when the fight got nasty



**STARR**  
Another overtime contender for chief of staff, he also returns for the battle, armed with attorney-client privilege



**RUFF**  
The President's Whitehouse attorney, who likes playing the inside game, is examining the front line against Starr



**KANTOR**  
His integrity and independence won him the job, no one would rouse for a scandal-prone White House



**BREWER**  
Ruff's deputy has been called the "straw boss" of the scandal operation, the man who runs it day to day

### THE OLD GUARD

### THE LAWYERS

ship. A Commander in Chief who surrenders his moral authority at home is ill equipped to defend American interests abroad." Less political and far more poignant were the anger and confusion of sailors aboard the U.S.S. *Independence* in the gulf, who were getting E-mail from home saying the war they might fight was secondary in the public debate to the Lewinsky scandal.

The President's aides know that favorable poll numbers are worth only so much. Many people who support the President really do believe his denials of an affair with Lewinsky, and if that judgment changes, their approval might well disperse. So far, the White House strategy has been reduced to stonewalling, denying, distracting, attacking and stonewalling again. But however great the public distaste for the story, each new detail that emerges about the Lewinsky matter makes it harder for the President to ignore. "If he says nothing," an adviser notes, "he has responded."

The President faces both a legal threat and a p.r. challenge, but the teams that are handling each have precious little to do with one another. The communications guys see the lawyers no more than about 30 minutes a day, quickly discuss the latest news reports and then go back to living in their parallel universes. The lawyers meet first, by design and by teleconference, and they hold all the clout. The group includes White House lawyers Mickey Kantor, Charles Ruff, Cheryl Mills, Bruce Lindsey and Lanny Brewer.

along with David Kendall and Nicole Seligman, the hired guns from the Williams & Connolly firm. They are often joined by Clinton's lawyer on the Paula Jones case, Bob Bennett of Skadden, Arps. These sessions are about the legal battle: what motions to file, which privileges to claim, what Starr is up to.

Twice a day—at 8:45 a.m. and 6:45 p.m.—the worlds collide. The spinners meet with the lawyers in Ruff's second-floor office in the West Wing. Here the legal strategies hatched at the first sessions become p.r. strategies in the second. "We don't deal with facts," said a participant. "We deal with spin." The cast varies from day to day, but the communications team generally consists of McCurry, Emanuel, adviser Paul Begala and various other image makers.

Ruff is the link between the two groups. The bookish lawyer is a classic Clinton White House counsel—upright, well respected. Ruff took the job no one else wanted, and Clinton embraced Ruff chiefly because he's a solid, by-the-book lawyer whose ad-

his candor, not calculation. "Maybe there'll be a simple, innocent explanation," McCurry told the *Tribune*. "I don't think so, because I think we would have offered that up already... I think it's going to end up being a very complicated story, as most human relationships are. And I don't think it's going to be entirely easy to explain maybe."

What makes it especially hard to explain is the fact that Clinton's advisers are building scenarios based on layers upon layers of what-ifs, most of which are not anywhere near their control. "Everything in God's green earth is being discussed," says one. The biggest what-if is Lewinsky's testimony. The best case that now seems possible, an adviser says, is that she testifies to "something this side of sex," an intense emotional relationship that raises eyebrows outside and that gave rise to fantasies on her part, but that leaves Clinton with relatively little explaining to do.

Then there is the worst case, that she says there was a sexual relationship. His lawyers may advise Clinton not to say anything, because it would put him in legal jeopardy for contradicting his

earlier, sworn deposition. But given the preponderance of opinion that a President cannot be indicted, where's the jeopardy? And if Starr plans to send the case to the House for impeachment proceedings, the question becomes almost entirely political, which means it demands an explanation.

If so, how and where to explain it depends in part on how Lewinsky's testimony leaks. If it bursts forth from the courthouse steps, or in a big interview, it will almost demand a single response from Clinton. Much hangs on how credible she seems and what corroborating evidence she might have—like those infamous answering-machine messages from Bill to Monica.

One thing is clear: Clinton, his lawyers and senior strategists are preparing to discredit

her testimony when the time comes—gently at first, but aggressively if necessary. Clinton's team believes that the taped conversations between Lewinsky and Linda Tripp could turn out to be the President's best friend. The lawyers believe that at least some of what Lewinsky says on those tapes is obviously exaggerated and probably untrue, which means there will be enough inconsistencies, inaccuracies and outright lies both in and between the tapes and Lewinsky's story so that the White House will be able to nullify or at least limit the damage they do to the President.

There are friends of the President who pronounce him unchanged since the Monica drama began. He's sticking to his austere, no-sauce, no-fun diet; he went to see Georgetown play basketball Wednesday night; he watches movies on the weekend (*Temptress Moon* and *Zero Effect* are the latest). And he still rounds up his friends for the word game Boggle, the new official White House pastime, which he often plays late into the night, the Master version. But other friends are finding him uncharacteristically pensive and remote, an uncorable talker who must now worry about whatever he says. "Anytime you get into a situation like this, there is bound to be somewhat of a bunker mentality," says an adviser. "You become us-them pretty fast." And just which war was that again? —Reported by James Carney, Michael Duffy, J.F.O. McAllister, Karen Tumulty and Douglas Waller/Washington

## OUT OF THE LOOP



**BEGALA**  
The spinster extraordinary, he leads the battle of the airwaves, even as he claims to be in the dark on all the details.



**MC CURRY**  
So far out he claims he doesn't know if there is a leap; yet the press secretary's musings bare his doubts.



**BOWLES**  
He got the job Kantor and Licks wanted, and now is doing his best to play as far away as he can from the mess.



**HILLARY**  
Standing by her man—she couldn't stand without her.



**LINDSEY**  
Ruff's friend stays

## SUPER INSIDERS

vice is regarded around town as some of Washington's best and whose political motives cannot be questioned.

Conspicuously absent from the strategizing is White House chief of staff Erskine Bowles, Clinton's faithful golfing partner, who used to enjoy a long fairway walk and a blue story. "Erskine won't get near this. He doesn't even want to hear about this," says an adviser. "He can't stand this stuff. He shudders." Indeed, he has suffered some internal criticism for this, but this adviser notes that Bowles has vigorously enforced the discipline; the result has been very little comment on the subject from even the most chatty White House staff members. "He has put the fear of God in them," says the adviser.

But if most people aren't talking, does that mean Clinton won't have to do so himself sooner or later. Slowly, slowly, the circle around Clinton is coming to the realization that they must begin to consider how, when and where he will tell his story. And not least of all, how much of his story he will tell. Only the lawyers can be presumed to know precisely what that story is. But his outside advisers and White House aides have begun discussing what the story will probably sound like.

No one expected to hear a version floated in public so soon, which is one reason why McCurry's remarkable on-the-record remarks to the Chicago *Tribune* last week were taken as a measure of

# MONICA'S W



**Soon she'll be the Starr witness. What will she say, how is she surviving, and what will her future bring?**

By ERIC POOLEY

**I**MAGINE THAT YOU ARE MONICA Lewinsky. Five weeks have gone by since your life was torn to pieces, and you and your mother are still holed up in her Watergate duplex, with a permanent TV stakeout on the street below. Your lawyer, William Ginsburg, won't let you leave except for the occasional doctor's visit or maximum-security dinner out, and he won't let you talk on the phone. It's jail! And so you pace the curved, windowless corridors, work out in the gym and page Ginsburg a couple of times a day; an old family friend, he has turned into your D.C. dad. Your time in lockup has been relieved only by the week you spent with your real father in Los Angeles. Though you sided with Mom in the di-

vorce, you and he are getting closer, thanks to this mess. But the California paparazzi are even worse than the ones in Washington. They crushed you and your dad in Santa Monica one night, and they ruined his lawn. Being famous, you've discovered, isn't all it's cracked up to be.

While you wait for your moment of truth—the day you'll be called to appear before Ken Starr's grand jury—your mom is recovering from hers. For two days she was roasted by Starr's lawyers, who wanted to know everything about your sexual history—but didn't even get to your relationship with Bill Clinton before your mom broke down, hyperventilating and screaming. She's still a wreck; the tranquilizers are helping a bit, but your dad's TV interview last week unnerved her again. And she dreads Starr's lawyers. If they could do that to her, what are they going to do to you? Remember the grilling they gave you in January? Multiply that by a million.

You can't think about that.

You can't not think about that. And so you and your mother do a lot of hugging, a lot of crying, a lot of bickering and bouncing off walls. The only thing that's keeping you from going crazy is your rage. You didn't do anything wrong! And it's nobody's business anyway! So you're furious at Starr—Dad's right, you think, he should be working for Hitler. And don't get you started on Linda Tripp. She was your friend—yet she wore a wire and set you up. She's the one who should be in jail. Of course you hate the media for the way they've dis-



## THE CEASE-FIRE

Despite a bitter 1987 divorce, Bernard Lewinsky and Marcia Lamm just aside their differences to support Monica. Lewinsky says the idea of an affair with Clinton is "hilarious"—but he hasn't asked Monica

sected you. Your hometown paper, the L.A. Times, had 26 reporters on a single story about you, interviewing baby sitters and kindergarten classmates. So-called friends have sold you out for cash, and real ones won't defend you because they're worried about their own little secrets coming out. You're mad at all of them. Who wouldn't be? Apart from Ginsburg and your family, in fact, there's only one person in this entire mess you don't despise—the Big Creep.

# WORLD


"Monica has no problem with the President now," Ginsburg told *TIME* in a lengthy interview last week. "I think she likes him. I think she thinks he's a good fellow. I don't know why."

Lewinsky identifies with the First Family to a surprising degree. It was when Chelsea Clinton flew east from Stanford University, on Jan. 29, that Lewinsky demanded to fly west. Chelsea was coming home to spend the weekend with her father. And Monica started telling Ginsburg, "I want to see my dad."

Bernard Lewinsky was the scandal's invisible man—known mostly for the awful things his ex-wife said about him in their 1987 divorce—until last Friday, when he appeared in a televised interview with Barbara Walters and said he didn't believe there had been an affair. Ginsburg had planned the debut carefully, deploying the earnest, sad-eyed man during the lull before Monica's grand-jury appearance in the hope of increasing the criticism raining down on Starr. "To pit a mother against a daughter, to coerce her to talk," Monica's dad told Walters, "to me it's reminis-

cent of the McCarthy era, of the Inquisition, and even, you know, you could stretch it and say the Hitler era."

The son of German Jews who escaped the Nazis and immigrated to El Salvador, Lewinsky moved with his parents to the U.S. in 1957, when he was 14. At Berkeley in the early 1960s, he was a classmate of Ginsburg's. Later, after Ginsburg became a health-care-industry lawyer and Lewinsky took control of a string of cancer



**LADY IN WAITING** She is passing the time until she's called to testify by seething, crying and taking notes



## CLINTON'S CRISES

clinics with the infelicitous name of Western Tumor, the doctor hired the lawyer and a friendship bloomed. When Monica was born, says Ginsburg, "I was there at the beginning. I kissed that girl's inner thighs when she was six days old—I said, 'Look at those little polkas; I truly am the avuncular Mr. Ginsburg.'" And he plays him on TV.

**N**EW ACCOUNTS HAVE HAD NO DIFFICULTY in identifying the personality traits Monica inherited from her mother, Marcia Lewinsky (née Vilensky), who uses the name Marcia Lewis—social skills that move from ebullience to a kind of enterprising pushiness. "That's where [Monica's] ability to fraternize, the ability to insinuate, comes from," says Ginsburg. Lewis freelanced just a handful of articles for the *Hollywood Reporter's* monthly supplement before she and her sister tried to launch a Beverly Hills society magazine, which never got off the ground. But Lewis persevered, using the *Reporter* credit and some tenuous contacts in the opera world to land a deal for a tell-all book, *The Private Lives of the Three Tenors*. (It was at a *Private Lives* book signing in Westchester County, N.Y., that Lewis met media mogul B. Peter Straus, now her 75-year-old fiancé.) Lewis wrote publicity material for the book that implied she had been Plácido Domingo's lover, then denied it (Domingo denies it as well). But the publisher wouldn't use the material and cut from the manuscript a scene about fantasy sex with Domingo, which has led some to conclude that romantic exaggeration runs in the family.

When Walters asked Bernie Lewinsky about this tendency, his response was muddled. Though Monica is "very excitable" and gets carried away, he said, he "can't imagine" her making up the affair with Clinton. Even so, he says, "I don't believe it happened"—the idea is "ludicrous"—though he and Monica haven't discussed the matter, because "I will not talk to her about her sexual life." Yet he admits to talking with her about her affair with teacher Andy Bleiler. *When?*

Monica has her mother's tendency to let her imagination carry her forward. When Monica had just been offered the Revlon job arranged by Vernon Jordan, for example, "right away she started talking about new products—lipstick, perfume, nail polish—that Revlon should intro-

duce," Ginsburg says. "That's Monica."

It's more difficult to divine the traits that Monica takes from her father. He is a perfectionist, an epicure, an amateur photographer who favors Ansel Adams-style nature studies and has them etched onto glass, then installed in the radiation rooms of his cancer clinics. From him, says Ginsburg, comes Monica's "genuine and sincere" side. "You warm to him, you embrace him," the lawyer says. "She learned from the other side [of the family] to embrace you—more of the aggressive approach."



### LAWYER AND MEDIA MAN

Lewinsky, a longtime family friend with a reassuring style, has become Monica's surrogate dad.

Even in the best of times, Bernie Lewinsky was often absent, preoccupied with his work. And when the divorce came, with its titanic money battles and accusations of adultery against him, Monica's estrangement deepened. They are closer now. To pay some of Ginsburg's fees, Lewinsky is selling stock and considering a second mortgage on his Brentwood home. But Monica remains cocooned by her mother's side of the family, the Vilenskys. Three generations live in the Watergate: Monica and Marcia in the duplex, and Marcia's mother, an attractive, big-boned French European matron whom Monica is said to resemble, in an apartment upstairs. Bernie

remains in Los Angeles, and Lewis' friend Straus calls often and has visited but lives in New York City. That leaves Ginsburg as not just legal strategist but surrogate father, media adviser and ubiquitous spokesman—roles he is happy to play. "I don't think [Clinton's] in much of a pickle at all," he told *TIME* last week, sounding lighthearted. "No matter what happens, the American public and Congress will let him limp to the end of his term. Everyone's got a job."

Ginsburg won't comment on what his client will say to the grand jury, but there are indications she will admit to a sexual

relationship with the President and deny obstruction of justice. Take the much discussed "talking points" that Monica handed to Tripp in advance of her deposition before the Paula Jones lawyers. Starr would like to trace the document to the White House, but Ginsburg suggests it was another attempt by Tripp to "set up" Lewinsky. In his scenario, Tripp and Monica talked them over. Monica typed them up, and Tripp took them to Starr as "evidence" of White House collusion.

**A**S SANGUINE AS GINSBURG may be about Clinton, he says, "Monica cannot see a future." It isn't just the specter of prosecution that bothers her; it is the annihilation of her good name—something she apparently never thought about when gabbing to friends about Clinton. "The only jobs she's been offered are talk-radio crap and posing nude," says Ginsburg. "She has had a few book offers." Monica has reportedly been spending time making detailed notes of her various alleged encounters with Clinton. They'll help her when it comes time to testify, of course, but they could also be of use if she decides to "do something literary," as Ginsburg puts it.

"She's also worried about dating," the lawyer continues. "Who's going to go out with her? What expectations will be placed on her? Will she get her privacy back?" Imagining herself in Chelsea's predicament, Monica used to talk idly, Ginsburg says, about "poor Chelsea" having to live in a college dorm with Secret Service agents nearby. "Who would want to date Chelsea?" she used to say. Now Lewinsky finds herself envying even Chelsea's level of privacy and freedom.

—With reporting by Michael Duffy/Washington and Charlotte Faltermayer/New York





# TRAPPED

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# GOING AFTER STARR'S CAMP

Clinton's defenders are getting personal in covert attacks on Starr's team, and it's making him mad

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

**T**HE CLANDESTINE WAR BEGAN QUIETLY: telephone calls from out-of-town lawyers who urged reporters to look at this old federal case or that sealed police report. Next came the mystery faxes, great piles of inky black clippings, detailing the dubious investigative habits of the men who work for Kenneth Starr. And then last week the doors came off the hinges, as longtime Washington sources speaking only in exchange for anonymity offered tips, telephone numbers and spicy quotes that promised, as one did, that "Ken Starr's office is completely imploding."

Just when Bill Clinton's White House was girding for battle against Saddam Hussein, a much more covert war against Starr was already under way. Tactically, it was clever: defense lawyers were using Starr's own invasive tactics against him, bringing up the workplace and sexual histories of the prosecutors who themselves were dredging up the workplace and sexual history of the President. And it seemed to be working: just as the probe was supposed to be heating up, two of Starr's top lieutenants, Bruce Udolf and Michael Emmick, were being kept busy just defending themselves from charges of legal and other misconduct—and Starr surely had to appreciate this irony, didn't he?—resulting from a carefully orchestrated campaign of damaging leaks.

But Starr is not an ironist, and by late last week lawyers involved in the case predicted that Starr might launch an ob-

struction-of-justice inquiry against White House officials—for slowing Starr down by maligning his attorneys. "There is clearly a pattern of this. It is designed to undermine the investigation," a lawyer close to the case told TIME. "And they're going to get proactive."

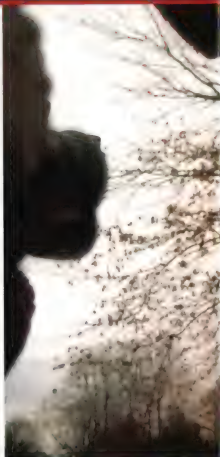
Getting "proactive" is exactly what got this war going in the first place. Even before the independent counsel seized on Linda Tripp's taped evidence, in mid-January, of an affair between the President and Monica Lewinsky, the White House and its allies had played up Starr's G.O.P. credentials. But their efforts to demonize the independent counsel as a reckless zealot haven't stuck. And so the White House has recently pushed hard the idea that Starr has gathered around him an

army of prosecutorial cowboys with less-than-perfect records in places like Miami and Los Angeles. Sometime last month, the Administration, lawyers for other witnesses and just about everyone else in Starr's sights decided to make "the cowboys" the enemy. Starr's critics are relying on cases and conduct that are, in some instances, 10 years old. But that may not matter. "The real fight," said a lawyer working full time on the counterattack, "will take place in the press, not in the courtroom."

Exhibit A is Udolf, a career federal prosecutor in the Justice Department's Miami office on loan to Starr in Washington. It was Udolf who helped negotiate the immunity deal with Monica Lewinsky that Starr has backed away from. But it was Udolf's role in a 1987 Georgia case that had Starr's office in confusion last



**TARGETING** the conduct of Udolf, above, and Emmick



week. In that case, he was found to have violated a defendant's civil rights when he was Georgia state prosecutor. The defendant, Ronald Reeves, was arrested on a weapons offense, held for several days in jail without being charged, and was denied the chance to call his lawyer or his wife. A jury later found Udolf had "maliciously and arbitrarily" violated Reeves' civil rights and awarded Reeves \$50,000 in damages. "I accept responsibility for that, and I regret it," Udolf said last week.

The Reeves case could resonate, Starr's critics say, because it is not the only time one of his deputies has tried to block a defendant's right to counsel. Lewinsky's lawyer, William Ginsburg, has accused Starr deputy Emmick of violating his client's rights when Emmick resisted her attempts to contact an attorney in January during a meeting at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. At the time, Lewinsky wanted to call Frank Carter, the Washington lawyer provided by Clinton's friend Vernon Jordan, but FBI agents working for Starr and Emmick warned her that such a call would end her chances at immunity. A source close to the investiga-



BY THE PHOTOS

anyone in the Administration or on the President's legal team had hired private investigators to check up on Starr's prosecutors.

Denials could be heard elsewhere last week as more Clinton aides turned up in the grand-jury room. Up to now, Starr's strategy has been take-lots-of-prisoners. But with the notable exception of Lewinsky's mother Marcia, most of the people Starr brought before the grand jury have been small fry. White House stewards and Lewinsky-level junior aides. With last week's appearance by Bruce Lindsey, Clinton's closest adviser and top secret keeper, the independent counsel is going right for the President's inner circle. And so in addition to attacking Starr, the White House mounted a serious immune response, which may include the tricky claim of Executive privilege to shield Lindsey and other top aides from Starr's questions.

A man who knows the meaning of the word confidential, Lindsey is Clinton's one-man inner sanctum, privy to his thinking on everything from Saddam Hussein to the bimbo eruptions that Lindsey helped contain during the '92 campaign. He also helped prepare Clinton's deposition in

the Paula Jones case last month and might know something about the talking points that Lewinsky is supposed to have given to Tripp to guide her testimony in the Jones case.

But after spending five hours before the grand jury on Wednesday, Lindsey returned the next morning with a flying wedge of 10 White House-friendly lawyers to argue with Starr's side over just which conversations Lindsey would be compelled to discuss. Clinton claimed Executive privilege on Friday, and Starr, the former Solicitor General, will fight the claim all the way to the Supreme

Court. The Justices have attempted to define the scope of that privilege before, acknowledging the right of a President to shield some conversations, but not if they involve matters subject to criminal investigation. Clinton is also claiming that some conversations fall under the attorney-client privilege. But that defense has problems too. After Hillary Clinton attempted to use it in a Whitewater-related case last year, a St. Louis, Mo., appeals court ruled that it does not cover conversations with White House lawyers, only private attorneys.

Starr was poised, meanwhile, to flank Clinton on other fronts. Last week his team persuaded former Arkansas Governor Jim Guy Tucker to plead guilty in Little Rock to fraud in exchange for helping Starr with his probe of Clinton's Whitewater finances. Clinton and Tucker, one-time rivals, met at the White House in late 1993, just days before both men were named by federal banking regulators in criminal referrals to the Justice Department. Starr would like to know what the two men talked about in that session; both have described it as routine.

For the White House, the get-Starr strategy is not without risk. After Clinton met early Saturday morning with Harold Ickes, a now outside adviser helping him through the Monica mess, officials sought to distance the President from the covert attacks on Starr's operation. They even hinted that Udolf and Emmick, who just hours before were the targets of a mad round of telephone calls to reporters from Clinton allies, were actually more reasonable than others on the Starr payroll. A White House official watching it all said privately that he was careful to avoid any discussion of the counsel's personnel and methods, fearful that Starr might serve him and others with a subpoena for obstruction of justice. "I am not getting near that," he said.

Even if the White House retreats a bit in the weeks to come, the alleged excesses of Starr's team will remain front and center. Democratic lawmakers are poised to turn up the heat on Attorney General Janet Reno this week, urging her to launch a probe into alleged leaks from Starr's office. Meanwhile, lawyers for Lewinsky have asked Reno to conduct lie-detector tests on Starr, Emmick, Udolf, Jackie Bennett and another trusted aide, Bob Pittman, to see if they have leaked privileged information to reporters. "These guys don't play by the rules," said a defense attorney. But in the unholy war between Starr and Clinton, there are no rules.

—With reporting by Kay Brannagan, Viveca Novak and Michael Weisskopf/Washington

tion told TIME that Lewinsky was never actually barred from calling Carter and adds that she was not entitled to a lawyer anyway, no charges had been filed against her.

Yet those incidents were just a few of the stories circulating last week about the all-Starr team, suggesting that someone, perhaps allied with Clinton, had hired a private investigator to excavate the dirt on the independent counsel. A top Washington sleuth who may be looking into Starr's camp or its possible connections with Clinton's enemies is Terry Lenzner of Investigative Group International, who worked for the Democratic National Committee last year. In a brief interview, Lenzner denied that he was probing Starr, but before TIME could ask if he was investigating Starr's lieutenants he said, "I'm not going to answer any more questions," and hung up. At the White House, spokesman Mike McCurry denied that

## READY TO HIT BACK

Leads about the past conduct of Starr's "cowboys" have stowed down his team and could lead to a counterattack

# WHAT JORDAN KNEW

## How Clinton's buddy is now trying to protect himself

By ERIC POOLEY

**T**HE BEST GAME IN WASHINGTON THIS year hasn't been watching Bill Clinton try to skate free of scandal. It has been watching one member of the "permanent government" of lawyers and lobbyists try to decide whom it's more important to protect—the President or himself. Presidents come and go, after all, but the superlawyer at the heart of this game, Vernon Jordan, likes to think he's forever. So when the game got serious last week with (of course) a series of careful leaks from a lawyer close to Jordan, guess who came out on top?

Legendarily deft, Jordan was trying to pull off some of the fanciest footwork of his career—dancing out of the box he put himself in last month when he called a press conference to say he had helped Monica Lewinsky find a job solely out of the goodness of his heart and that she had assured him there was no sexual relationship between her and Clinton.

The problem is, Jordan's efforts on Lewinsky's behalf were prodigious—four meetings and seven phone calls with her, plus contact with three companies. And Lewinsky has indicated to prosecutors that she may be willing to testify that she did tell Jordan that her relationship with Clinton was sexual. Jordan needed to create some wiggle room—even if doing so meant there would be less for Clinton. So he leaked word that he had discussed the relationship with Clinton and that the President had personally assured him it was not sexual. The leak was meant to preserve what might be called Jordan's plausible probity—the idea that he might have been an unwitting agent of the President. But it contained damaging charges that Jordan gave Clinton regular updates about his efforts to find Lewinsky a job, and that Clinton for weeks didn't tell Jordan about the sexual allegations or the fact that Lewinsky had been called as a possible witness in the Paula Jones sexual-harassment suit. By making it appear that Clinton was using Jordan without his knowledge to ensure Lewinsky's coopera-

tion in the suit, the leak looked like the work of a man out to save his own skin no matter what happened to Clinton's. As Jordan has said, according to a friend who quoted him to the *New York Times*, "I know what loyalty is, and I'm not a fool."

Jordan's story, as leaked to the *Times* over the weekend, goes like this: When Jordan began trying to help Lewinsky last Dec. 8, he knew she was important to Clinton but didn't know why. He wasn't told about the alleged affair. He learned of it on

reportedly said he had "never, no way" had sex with Lewinsky. And with the specter of the Jones case now making it clearer why Clinton wanted Lewinsky parked in a New York City job, Jordan began moving mountains in search of one. It took him a month, but he finally placed her at Revlon. By then Lewinsky had signed an affidavit for the Jones case denying any affair with Clinton—which she has now indicated was untrue. (Lewinsky says Jordan helped her with it; he denies it.) Soon after, White House sources told *TIME*, Jordan began agitating for Clinton to settle with Jones. But Linda Tripp had given Lewinsky's tape-recorded conversations to Starr. It was too late.

Jordan could be pulling a sly supporting move, sliding away from Clinton in hopes that the distance gives him more credibility.



**A LITTLE DISTANCE** Jordan is letting it be known that he talked to Clinton about finding Monica a job, and was assured there was no sexual relationship. But he has to worry about what Monica will say he knew

Dec. 19, when Lewinsky showed up at his office saying she had been subpoenaed by Jones. He asked her if she'd had an affair with Clinton, and she said, "Never." Lewinsky has contradicted that, telling Kenneth Starr's lawyers she did confess the relationship to Jordan. Whichever version is true, Jordan knew the subpoena meant that "this is a whole new ball game" with higher stakes than he had imagined. (Had Jordan known about the sexual allegations before, White House sources told *TIME*, he might have conducted the job search in a way that left no fingerprints.) "Jordan may be sloppy, but not that sloppy," said a Clinton aide.)

Feeling burned, Jordan went to the White House and confronted Clinton, who

He hasn't broken with Clinton on the crucial point: he still says Lewinsky denied the affair to him, preserving the case's he-said-she-said quality. Jordan almost told his story to Starr's grand jury last week, but the session was postponed, lawyers involved in the case believe, because Starr is still compiling evidence of Jordan's role.

This week Starr's prosecutors must decode Jordan's leak, looking for clues about his game plan. As for the President, he is often accused of sacrificing friends to save his neck. Now he may be in a position to learn what it feels like to have a friend sacrifice him.

—Reported by Margaret Carlson, John F. Dickerson and Michael Weisskopf/Washington

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# CATCHING A 48-HOU

An anthrax scare in Nevada turns the spotlight once again on bacteria maven

By TAMALA M. EDWARDS

**T**HE TALK OF ANTHRAX HAD BEEN IN the air for days as America focused on Saddam Hussein and his germ-making factories: of how quickly the bacteria could kill, how widely the havoc could spread, how easily the deadly spores could be obtained. And the nightmare seemed to materialize on American soil last week after the FBI arrested two men at a medical complex in Henderson, Nev. In their possession were eight to 10 flight bags containing what federal agents believed to be anthrax. More troubling was the fact that one of the men was Larry Wayne Harris, a self-styled microbiologist with white supremacist sympa-

ties who, after an arrest in 1995 in connection with the possession of three vials of bubonic-plague bacteria, had been under a federal probation order forbidding his "conducting any experiments with or obtaining any infectious diseases, bacteria, or germs." The criminal complaint that cited the prohibition also noted that Harris had told an unidentified group last summer that he planned to release bubonic-plague germs at a New York City subway station. Tabloids in Manhattan promptly blared headlines like **SUBWAY PLAGUE TERROR** and **FEDS NAB 2 IN TOXIC TERROR**.

The trouble was that the other man arrested was William Leavitt Jr., an unlikely biowarfare backguard. The father of three owns biomedical labs in Nevada and Ger-

many, but was known mostly for his quiet ways, civic and business responsibility and devout Mormon life-style. Indeed, he appeared confused by the entire incident. Asked at his arraignment if he understood the charges being brought against him, he said, "Not exactly." Leavitt's lawyers said their client and Harris did not possess anthrax but were instead carrying anthrax vaccine and were testing a device that would neutralize bacterial toxins in the human body, exactly the kind of gadget a country on the verge of war with anthrax-oversupplied Iraq would be happy to develop. One of Leavitt's lawyers charged that the FBI's informant, from whom Harris and Leavitt would have bought the bacteria-neutralizing device, was a scam artist with two con-





# OUR BUG

on Larry Wayne Harris

victions for extortion. On Saturday the FBI said that the anthrax found was a nonlethal form used in animal vaccine. Possession of bacteria, even anthrax, is not illegal if criminal intent cannot be proved. Leavitt was released on Saturday.

Harris, who is under probation specifically over bacteria, may remain under scrutiny. A New York City tabloid called him a "mad scientist." And, if all this had been a movie, Harris might well have been sent by central casting. The 46-year-old has a full beard and a spastic eye. Then there is his home in Lancaster, Ohio. The first thing you notice when you enter Harris' world is the smell, the stench of numerous cats and dogs in a cramped bungalow. This is laced with the subtler scent of a basement filled



**STRANGE CARGO:** Larry Wayne Harris, left, and William Leavitt in custody in Las Vegas; federal agents securing the suspects' Mercedes-Benz last week in Henderson, Nev.

with dried foods, stockpiled for the aftermath of the coming race war. Enter Harris' bedroom and you will find lab equipment and a refrigerator, from which Harris pulls a sample of a growth medium for cultivating biological weapons. Talking of biologically induced mass death, he nonchalantly remarked to CNN producer Henry Schuster, "A terrorist would need very little of this."

In the visit by CNN, Harris noted that "you could lose 200,000 plus in [a biological] attack"—something he labeled an inevitability. "That is merely prelude to what is gonna happen." Published reports last week had him traveling America inoculating people against anthrax. But he has a clear taste for celebrity and overblown rhetoric that worries even right-wing militiamen who see doomsday eye to eye with him. John Trochman warned members of his Montana Militia against Harris in a May 1997 newsletter and requested that he be expelled from a survivalist expo for "exhibiting weapons of mass destruction." "The lure for the terrorist is anonymity," says Brian Levin, director of the Center on Hate and Extremism at New Jersey's Stockton College. "It is counterintuitive to be a celebrity of right-wing warfare. I mean, if you were planning a terrorist attack, would you show up on TV?" Just before his arrest, Harris had taped three segments for a local Nevada TV talk show. When ABC recently sought Harris' opinion on anthrax, he told Diane Sawyer, "It's no big deal. Five-gallon container of anthrax spraying over Manhattan; 48 to 72 hours, you're looking at 500,000 people dead."

Harris is the author of a self-published book called *Bacteriological Warfare: A Major Threat to North America*, which goes into detail about the culturing of bio-

logical agents (as well as blueprints for easy-to-make weapons to take out America's power grid), all the while arguing that this knowledge is important if Americans are to protect themselves from such threats. He first made his way onto the federal radar in the 1980s. When Harris was a student at Ohio State, his association with the Aryan Nations, a violent white separatist group, prompted the Secret Service to check him out to be sure he wasn't a threat to George Bush, who was scheduled to visit the campus. When police searched his home in 1995, they found a certificate stating that Harris had risen to the rank of lieutenant in the Aryan Nations.

In 1995 Harris used the letterhead of the food lab that employed him to order \$240 worth of bubonic-plague bacteria from the American Type Culture Collection based in Rockville, Md. Alerted by a suspicious ATCC employee who contacted a colleague at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, authorities searched Harris' home and found the three vials of freeze-dried plague in the glove compartment of his car and the man himself full of bizarre excuses. Harris claimed he had ordered the plague as research for his book, which he described as a safety manual inspired partly by an Iraqi woman who told him Saddam Hussein was preparing to release supergerm-carrying rats in the U.S. Harris, however, couldn't be charged with anything stronger than mail and wire fraud. In fact, what the feds wound up doing to Harris was make him a star of sorts. Congressmen used his name in offering antiterrorism bills, and journalists came looking for the odd man who got away with ordering the plague. Now, he is the man to see about anthrax.

—With reporting by Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles

# A SAD STORY AT THE DIGEST

A legacy of generosity and stodginess is clashing with Wall Street's calls for better performance

By STACY PERMAN

**T**HINGS ARE REALLY NASTY IN Pleasantville these days. The Reader's Digest Association, best known for its pocket-size magazine, is in a state of protracted turmoil. The sputtering 76-year-old publisher founded to "inform, enrich, entertain and inspire people" has lately just incited a group of big-game-hunting shareholders, who want to see the Digest company restructured or sold. "This is a company that has been asleep," says Nell Minow, a principal of Lens, an activist Washington-based money manager with a substantial stake in the firm. "We are trying to bring them into the 20th century before we get to the 21st."

In the midst of a historic bull run, Reader's Digest stock has gone south and its market value has fallen by half. Revenues stumbled 8%, to \$2.8 billion, in fiscal 1997. Operating profits at the company, situated in the Hudson River valley, have fallen for the past four years, from \$393.7 million to \$227.8 million (adjusted for restructuring). In January, Digest posted a 35% drop in its second-quarter earnings—the sixth straight quarter of bad news.

When a company such as Reader's Digest performs so poorly for so long, shareholders usually revolt, forcing directors to make drastic changes. But in Digest's case, the board, which is supposed to be independent, is in the grip of the CEO.

That would be George Grune, 68, who because of an unusual stock arrangement holds sway over enough voting shares to remove every Reader's Digest director. Grune's power source is his role as chairman of two charitable funds established by the company's childless founders, DeWitt and Lila Wallace, who died in 1981 and 1984, respectively. The funds hold 71% of the company's class-B voting shares; fund directors currently occupy three of the eight board seats. Grune also oversees seven foundations that, along with another, smaller, fund, now own 25 million shares (30%) of the company's nonvoting stock. They supply money directly to a few elite New York City institutions, including the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. When the company slashed its dividend in July,

these institutions were confronted by a drop in their yearly payouts from \$58.7 million to \$29.4 million. The funds, for instance, provided \$8.2 million, or 11% of the \$75 million operating budget of the Wildlife Conservation Society, the New York Times reported. The dividend cut could cost the society \$2 million, the amount it costs to keep 1,105 birds alive at its Bronx Zoo.

Faced with declining dividends, the institutions wanted to sell their stock, but the CEO held the cards. The stock price, meanwhile, slid from its \$56 high in 1992 to about half that in the summer of 1997. At the close of 1997, Grune agreed to let the institutions divest. Six of eight foundations dumped 11.8 million shares, worth more than a quarter-billion dollars. Critics like Paul Tierney, whose company Corporate Value Partners owns 1.5 million shares, think the deal is less than charitable. The institutions had to sell at 25% under the market price. They were "like lambs being led to the slaughter," he says.

Tierney is part of a Greek chorus of money managers who assert, as loudly as they can, that the company's corporate-governance system is totally compromised by the cross directorships with the foundations. "We as class-A [nonvoting] shareholders are impotent to effect any kind of change," complains Jonathan Lewis, an analyst at Franklin Mutual Advisors, which is headed by the feared raider Michael Price. The outfit, which has made runs at Dow Jones & Co., Chase Manhattan Corp. and Sunbeam Corp., wants Grune gone. Says Lewis: "Grune is an ineffective manager, and I think the board of directors should expeditiously seek to replace him and/or to pursue the sale of the company." It's not quite the welcome back Grune anticipated when Digest lured him out of re-



## FEELING THE LOSS

Founders Lila and DeWitt Wallace left large blocks of stock to benefit several nonprofits. The stock has tanked, hurting their endowments. Worse, Reader's Digest hasn't been earning enough to pay an anticipated \$59 million in dividend income. To save money, it slashed the payout, pinching their budgets.



Lincoln Center

Value of shares  
1995 \$328 MILLION  
1997 \$151 MILLION



Colonial Williamsburg

Value of shares  
1995 \$149 MILLION  
1997 \$ 69 MILLION



Macalester College

Value of shares  
1995 \$308 MILLION  
1997 \$142 MILLION

irement to reclaim the CEO job last August. Grune declined requests for an interview.

The company and the angry shareholders agree on one thing: Reader's Digest has a tremendous amount of hidden value. They have locked horns over how to unlock that value for shareholders. "This is a \$3 billion global business," says Craig Monaghan, Reader's Digest treasurer. "When it's running properly, it's a cash machine. It hums. We need to fix that."

And fast. While *Reader's Digest* still boasts the world's largest magazine circulation—more than 27.8 million monthly copies sold in 19 languages—its feel-good stories and aging readership (average age: 47 and rising) have kept it out of step with the competition. Even before oral sex became a dinner-table topic, the *Digest* had lost resonance with generations of today's readers. The U.S. subscription base has decreased by a million since 1993. That's not terrible, but to maintain circulation levels, the magazine must add 5 million new subscribers a year. Not an easy task.

The *Digest*, while it accounts for only 26% of the company's revenues, provides the brand name that has been used as a front door to roll out a range of books, music and videos, sold mostly through direct marketing. These home and entertainment divisions bring in the bulk of the sales and profits. Recent attempts to move into new markets through joint ventures with Avon (to sell magazines with makeup) and Microsoft (to create CD-ROMs) have been unsuccessful. At *Digest's* immensely profitable overseas businesses, which accounted for 57% of its revenues last year, sales have fallen from \$1.9 billion in 1995 to \$1.6 billion in 1997.

Last April, four months before he resigned, CEO James Schadt unveiled a \$400 million revitalization plan to push the company out of its morass and move it forward. But his approach, which upended the firm's

February 1998 \$2.25

# Reader's Digest

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America's Dangerous Railroad Crossings

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Secrets of Happy Families

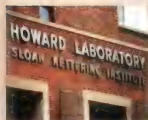
*The 7 Habits*

**PROFITS  
KEEP  
FALLING**

**DIVIDENDS  
SLASHED;  
CHARITIES  
SUFFER**

**WALL STREET  
WANTS  
ACTION**

**CEO GRUNE  
HANGS  
TOUGH**



Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center

Value of shares  
1995 \$118 MILLION  
1997 \$54 MILLION



Wildlife Conservation Society

Value of shares  
1995 \$149 MILLION  
1997 \$69 MILLION



Metropolitan Museum of Art

Value of shares  
1995 \$349 MILLION  
1997 \$161 MILLION



Hudson Highlands

Value of shares  
1995 \$282 MILLION  
1997 \$130 MILLION

age-old philosophy of dedicated product testing prior to direct-mail pitches, was roundly criticized by Wall Street as lacking coherence. In the week the plan was presented, the stock dropped 21%. Schadt's strategy was further hampered by the departure of more than two dozen senior executives.

The company's strength has become its weakness. Reader's Digest has been unable to exploit its greatest core asset: a monster database. Despite 100 million households logged in and millions of dollars spent maintaining the data, the company has yet to find an effective way to match products with new consumers. "They are wedded to the past," says Minow.

And that's exactly where Grune is headed. After reclaiming his office, he axed three top executives and replaced them with managers who had worked under him previously. On his earlier watch, the company did indeed hum. He dumped unprofitable subsidiaries and added new specialty magazines. He took Digest public in 1990, and in three years revenues shot up, to \$2.9 billion from \$2 billion. But when he left in 1994, the company's descent had already begun.

Insiders say Grune played a role in ousting Schadt, his handpicked successor, and then dismantled much of what Schadt had set in motion. Two weeks after Grune returned, the company pulled the plug on a costly Internet search engine called LookSmart. "Over the last few months Grune has basically disowned everything his predecessor did," says Dennis McAlpine, an analyst with Josephthal & Co. Digest says it is just returning to basics. "In the last few years we drastically reduced our testing," says Thomas Gardner, vice president of U.S. marketing. "Our general philosophy was to focus on new initiatives and not on our core business."

So Reader's Digest has returned to the tried and true. "We don't publish things because we think they are a good idea," says Gardner. "We publish them because our customers tell us it is." Last year research showed that customers would buy a book called *Foods That Harm Foods That Heal*. They did—2.2 million copies were sold worldwide. It is also targeting new areas, such as young families. The company says it expects to turn the corner in 1999, given the long lead times in the business.

Grune, a former Marine, is supposed to be an interim CEO, but he has dug deep, and has reportedly told staffers not to call him "interim" anymore. A spokeswoman states that the company hopes a new CEO will be in place by July. That won't be soon enough for the chorus of critics down the river.

—Reported by

Valerie Marchant/Pleasantville

## MONEY IN MOTION

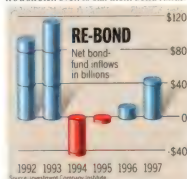
Daniel Kadlec

## Bond-Fund Buyer Beware

They're not bonds, and they don't behave the same way

INVESTORS ARE COURTING AN OLD FLAME: BOND MUTUAL FUNDS. BUT HOW sincere are their intentions? The relationship sputtered in 1994, when bond funds logged their worst year in six decades and investors fled the church in a panic. Now they're back for another fling. In January net new cash flowing into bond funds surged to an estimated \$11.5 billion—the most since August 1993. The disturbing thing is that people probably don't understand this fickle mate any better today than they did in 1994.

The underappreciated irony of bond funds is that while they invest in bonds they don't behave like them. Bond funds cannot guarantee return of principal because, unlike individual bonds (and perhaps your ex), they never mature; bond-fund returns, unlike bonds held until maturity, are tied as much to daily price movement as to the interest rate they pay. And the income generated, rather than being fixed, vacillates with market rates. These differences are so fundamental that it's a stretch even to call them bond funds. They're more like a stock. In fact, if you



Source: Investment Company Institute

have money in a bond fund, what you really own is common stock in a company that invests in bonds. That stock goes up and down along with the value of the company's assets, which in this case are mostly bonds but sometimes include exotic derivative securities. Clearly, investors seeking to preserve capital and earn a fixed-income stream for a set period of time have no business flirting with such a beast. They should go for individual bonds. Yet bond funds are routinely marketed and accepted as apt substitutes.

Bond funds do have some good features. They are easy to buy and sell. The minimum investment is in the thousands—not the tens of thousands, as with many individual bonds. And in a stable interest-rate environment, bond funds really are a suitable bond substitute. Just make sure you know what you're getting. There are plenty of low-risk, short-maturity funds. It's the funds that buy 10-, 20- and 30-year bonds that test your emotions. Both types, incidentally, are staples in 401(k) plans. Many people had no idea what they had got into back in '94, when rates soared and, according to Lipper Analytical Services, the average general Treasury-bond fund fell 6%. "Bond-fund risk is just not well understood," notes John Rea, an economist with the industry trade group Investment Company Institute.

So why are bond funds suddenly so popular? The Asian economic crisis chased some investors to perceived safe havens like Treasury bonds. But mainly it's a play on interest rates, which could reach dramatic new lows if inflation continues to subside. When rates fall, bond funds excel. That was the case in '95, when T-bond funds returned an average 22%. But there's an insidious side to bond funds even when rates are falling: the income streams they provide decline because fund managers must buy new bonds that pay ever lower interest. The \$1 billion PIMCO High Yield Fund paid 10¢ a share in interest income as recently as September. Today it's only 8¢ a share—a 20% haircut. The decline is largely the result of \$200 billion of new money invested at lower interest rates.

Income erosion is a problem serious enough so that bond funds should probably decline new money in periods when rates are moving down sharply, like now. That won't happen, though. Now that bond funds are turning heads again, their managers want to enjoy it. If only the ogles knew what they were looking at. ■

Daniel Kadlec is TIME's Wall Street columnist. Reach him at [kadlec@time.com](mailto:kadlec@time.com)

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# LEARNING BY LAPTOP

In elementary schools, portable computers are the hottest thing since books. But are the lessons learned justifying the extra cost?

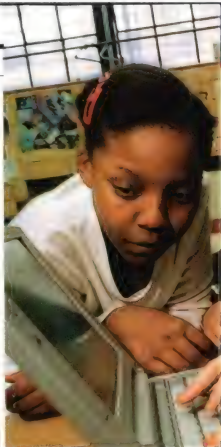
By ROMESH RATNESAR

**I**N THE SIXTH-GRADE HUMANITIES class at New York City's Mott Hall, the noise level has reached cacophony. It's mostly animated chatter among the students as they put final touches on oral reports they will deliver in a few minutes. But another sound adds to the din: the staccato clicking of keys on computers. In this hard-knocks Washington Heights school, where a substantial number of the students qualify for free lunches, a hardwired revolution is taking shape. All the students in the class work on their own Toshiba laptops, cutting-edge machines bought by the school district last year and leased to the students for \$30 a month. The reports they are about to present are high-speed, full-color Power Point

jobs. And when teacher Janice Gordon wants her class's attention, she commands, "Screens at 45!" At the end of class, the students will close their laptops, put them in backpacks and take them home.

In early 1995, Newt Gingrich casually suggested giving tax credits to poor families to buy laptop computers but soon backpedaled from the proposal and called it "a nutty idea." In this low-income Manhattan neighborhood, the idea of 11-year-olds totting \$1,500 laptops to school is so nutty that the school district plans to expand its laptop program from Mott Hall's 30 sixth-graders to more than 200 students in the next month. Not long ago, laptop computers were a luxury even administrators couldn't afford; now the district wants to make them as common as spiral notebooks in its classrooms. Superintendent Anthony Amato predicts that laptop computers will be on most American students' desks within five years. "I'd put my reputation on it in a minute," he effuses. Since last year, Amato has fielded "calls from superintendents across the country" who want to replicate his district's model.

These days laptops, once the accessory of bioeastal businessmen, are right at home next to grade-schoolers' lunch boxes. A program launched by Toshiba and Microsoft that offers software-loaded laptops to schools at discount rates has grown from 52



DOWNLOADING from the Internet, teacher Janice

public and private schools in 1996 to more than 170 this year. The private Cincinnati Country Day School requires all 500 of its students from grades 6 through 12 to carry laptops; the school pays half the cost, and parents chip in one-third. The public school district in Beaufort, S.C., leased laptops to 300 students last year, and after a swell of parent demands, expanded the program this fall to 1,000. In Texas, state-school-board president Jack Christie is pushing a proposal to junk textbooks and outfit 4 million students with portable computers complete with Internet access and a CD-ROM drive. He hasn't converted everyone yet, but vows it's "just a matter of time." Says Christie: "There are pockets of resistance—in the same way that people opposed the space program and said we couldn't get to the moon."

American schools are already spending more than \$5 billion this year on high-tech gadgets and training, and many educators think laptops rank among the most promising classroom gadgets. For one, they can be used by students in any class, at any time of day—a significant improvement, experts say, over the prevalent computer-lab model, where students spend an hour a week "learning computers" in a room full



THE E MATE,  
made by Apple  
for kids, runs  
about \$700

American schools are spending more than \$5





Gordon takes her sixth-grade humanities class at Mott Hall in Manhattan through a geography lesson

of desktops. Unlike clunky desktop machines, laptops are compact and portable, facilitating group work and field research. Knowing that all kids will have computers with them at home, teachers say, gives them flexibility in assigning homework; many answer student questions long after the last bell rings, via E-mail.

In other serendipitous ways, laptops have altered the character of schools and their students that use them. At Mott Hall, Gordon says that since receiving their laptops last year, her sixth-graders "have become much more mature and articulate. They use those things the way adults use them." They even volunteer, she says, to do extra homework. Students at the Cincinnati Country Day School have set up round-the-clock tech-help desks in the hallways, assisting schoolmates in fixing crashed hard drives and finding lost files. And no one is more enthusiastic about laptop learning than parents; in communities like Washington Heights they have organized safety brigades to escort kids carrying computers from the school buses to their homes. In Little Falls, Minn.—a working-class district that distributed 276 laptops last year—parents volunteer and provide tutoring at local schools to defray the cost of their kids' machines.

Though schools are asking parents to foot part of the cost of laptops, they don't seem to mind, so far. Many feel a computer at home will give their kids a leg up, or at least an equal footing, in class.

It might—but so will books, skeptics say. Little evidence suggests that computers—or educational software, or the Internet—demonstrably enhance student learning. Says Stanford University Professor Larry Cuban, an authority on the history of technology in American education: "Anyone who tells you computers are more effective than anything else is either dumb or lying." Better technology doesn't necessarily make kids better students; good teachers and smart curriculums do. "Laptops are like the new electronic tablet notebook—they have good potential as a writing tool and a place to store information," says Allen Glenn, dean of the University of Washington's education school. "But as far as how you really integrate laptops into actual lessons, in a way that will help students understand their problems, that's still up for grabs."

Then there's the cost. Good portable computers can range from \$500 to \$2,000—and don't expect high-tech companies to simply hand them out. The Mi-

crosoft-Toshiba laptop program has stoked the brand loyalty of more than 10,000 students. Apple peddles the eMate, a laptop created in 1996 specifically for kiddie consumers, which goes for \$650. NetSchools, a company based in Mountain View, Calif., started up last year to sell one product: a \$1,600 portable computer custom-built for students that comes with an infrared connection to the school's computer network, a water-resistant keyboard and a built-in security device. That's an expense still too great for many cash-strapped districts. "Schools that bought into the earlier generation of technology are stuck," says Cuban. "The capital investment in desktops makes it difficult to buy this new thing called laptops." Harvard's Martha Stone Wiske suggests that schools purchase "a rolling cart of 10 or 15 laptops," rather than one for every student, and offer them to different classes when teachers develop lessons that can incorporate the machines. That way, Wiske says, schools can both save cash and maximize the effectiveness of laptops—by making the computers subordinate to what the computers are used to teach.

So it's too soon to tell whether laptops will become classroom fixtures (like calculators) or fads (whatever happened to Trapper Keepers?). But the legions of the faithful are growing. At Mott Hall, many of the sixth-graders have adoringly given their computers nicknames. Jose Ramirez, shy and bespectacled, struggled to fit in with his classmates before the arrival of laptops. Since then he's become something of a sage. On this afternoon, he's floating among the different groups in the classroom, peering at the work on their screens, shooting down technical troubles. "It's more fun for me now with my classmates, for sure," he says, nodding. At the front of the room, the students take turns projecting reports from their laptops onto a large white screen. A shaft of sunlight streaming through the windows makes the reports look a little faint. "We normally save these for cloudy days," Gordon jokes. Jose's group goes last and offers a presentation on geothermal energy that would impress in a corporate boardroom. When the students finish, their teacher nods approvingly. The class applauds. After a while, you hardly notice the glare. ■

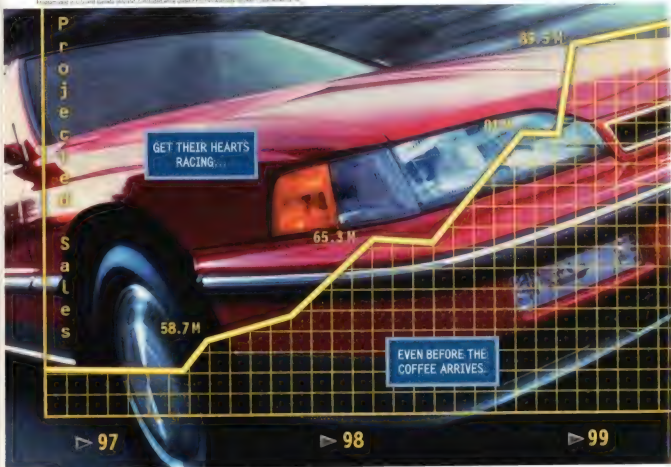
billion this year on high tech, double the amount spent five years ago

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# Was Dolly a Mistake?

Perhaps, says the maker of the world's most famous clone—but he puts the odds at a million to one

**E**XTRAORDINARY CLAIMS, SCIENTISTS LIKE to say, require extraordinary proof, and none has been more extraordinary in recent years than Scottish embryologist Ian Wilmut's claim that he and his colleagues had cloned a sheep named Dolly from a mammary cell of a pregnant ewe. More than a year later, nobody has managed to reproduce the Dolly experiment, and Wilmut is under growing pressure to prove that his famous sheep is what he says she is. Last week at a genetics meeting at the University of Louisville, in Kentucky, he blandly conceded that there was a "remote possibility" that there could have been a mix-up—that Dolly could turn out to be the

Dolly was some sort of fetal-cell contamination at less than a million to one. Nonetheless, he and his colleagues are scrambling to track down any other tissue samples taken from Dolly's mom so they can perform the genetic tests that will determine, once and for all, if Dolly's DNA and her mom's DNA are identical.

Meanwhile, scientists trying to make another Dolly—or her bovine equivalent—have come intriguingly close. For example, James Robl, at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, and his colleague Steven Stice have succeeded in cloning calf embryos from adult cells taken from a big, hooved cow leg supplied by a local slaughterhouse. So far they've cloned hundreds of cells and nurtured dozens into embryos, but to date none of those embryos has survived past 60 days of gestation.

Why should cloning an adult cell be so hard? The cell-cloning technique scientists use offers some clues. Typically, the nucleus of the donor cell, whether fetal or full grown, is transferred to an unfertilized egg from which the nucleus has been removed. In mysterious ways scientists still do not understand, something in the cytoplasm of the egg appears to reset the donor cell's DNA. That resetting, it has been clear from the beginning, works much less reliably when adult cells are used, even when they are relatively immature fibroblast cells.

But this comes as no surprise, says Stice, the chief scientist for Advanced Cell Technology in Worcester, Mass. After all, it took Wilmut's team 400 tries to create Dolly. Others attempting to reproduce the experiment could very easily find it takes 6,000 tries. Dolly, in other words, may turn out to be a fluke, not a fake. No matter what she is, it's looking less and less likely that we're going to see clones of Bill Gates or Michael Jordan anytime soon. —By J. Maciejko Nash



**BILLY BOY:** Tip of an obstetrical iceberg?

## The Ice Babies

Long-lost frozen embryos are popping up all over

**H**IS DOCTOR THOUGHT HE WAS ONE for the record books. His middle-aged parents welcomed him as an unexpected 8-lb. 15-oz. bundle of joy. Delivered by C-section in a suburban Los Angeles hospital, Baby Billy, as he was nicknamed by the local paper, is a medical miracle—the product of an embryo frozen for 7½ years. For a few days last week, Billy, whose parents prefer anonymity, was hailed as the oldest human embryo ever brought to term. Then the bubble burst.

Shortly after the widely publicized blessed event, Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Hospital announced that a baby born there in December came from an embryo frozen four months longer. The next day, N.Y.U. Medical Center in New York City said it had successfully transferred an embryo frozen for more than eight years. "It's no big deal," said Dr. Alan DeCherney, UCLA's chief of obstetrics and gynecology, who noted that because fertility clinics have been working with frozen human embryos since 1984, other physicians may well have transferred even older ones without making a fuss.

Record or not, Dr. Michael Vermesh, the proud Tarzana, Calif., fertility specialist who supervised Baby Billy's birth, says such cases will bring new hope to thousands of would-be parents who may not realize they have frozen embryos in storage. Billy's parents, who in 1989 spent \$7,000 for the fertilization procedure that resulted in the birth of their first child, were not aware they had created any backup embryos until a lab notified them last year that it was holding three on ice. By then Billy's mother was 44 years old, though the embryos were those of a 36-year-old woman. Now she is the proud mother of fraternal twins born 7½ years apart.

With thousands of embryos retrieved and frozen in fertility clinics across the U.S., this could be the tip of an obstetrical iceberg. —By Frederic Golden



**JUST ANOTHER EWIE?** Wilmut and Dolly before the skeptics weighed in

clone not of the adult ewe, but of the fetus the ewe was carrying.

So does that mean all the cloning hoopla Dolly set off was for naught? Not quite. What Wilmut is conceding is that Dolly's mom—or should we say her twin sister?—probably had some fetal cells circulating in her bloodstream, and that one of these fetal cells could conceivably have found its way into the laboratory culture from which Dolly sprang. Cloning an embryo from a fetal cell, of course, would not be as big a deal. What made the Dolly experiment so extraordinary was that Wilmut had managed to get the DNA of an adult cell to revert to its early embryonic state, opening the door to the cloning of a cell from full-grown human, say, a Michael Jordan or a Bill Gates.

Wilmut last week put the chances that

### SCIENTIST REPORTS FIRST CLONING EVER OF ADULT MAMMAL

RESEARCHERS ASTOUNDED

In Procedure on Sheep, Fiction Becomes True and Dreaded Possibilities Are Raised

By GINA KOLATA

In a feat that may be the one bit of genetic engineering that has been anticipated and dreaded more than any other, researchers in Scotland are reporting that they have cloned an adult mammal for the first time.

The announcement, which was reported in the journal *Nature*, comes from a team of scientists at the Roslin Institute in Edinburgh, Scotland. The team, led by Ian Wilmut, reported that they had successfully cloned a sheep named Dolly from a mammary cell of a pregnant ewe. The cloning was achieved by a process called somatic cell nuclear transfer, in which a cell from an adult animal is inserted into an unfertilized egg cell from which the nucleus has been removed. The egg cell is then stimulated to divide and develop into an embryo, which is implanted in a surrogate mother. The resulting offspring, Dolly, is genetically identical to the adult cell donor.



**BACK ON**



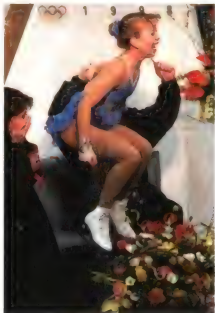
By NADYA LABI



"MOM, I'M SCARED." THE uncharacteristically anxious words came out of Tara Lipinski less than two hours before her final program. Uncharacteristic because her legend is so well known: a toddler, transfixed by the star-spangled anthem blaring from the TV, stages her own Olympic ceremony—with an overturned Tupperware container for a podium, some ribbon and dried flowers.

On Friday, over a meal of spaghetti in her parents' hotel room, the 15-year-old just wanted her mother's comfort. "It's O.K. to be scared. It's good to be scared," said Pat Lipinski. "But you can do it." After that, Tara was back in character and on the way to an upset and the fulfillment of a legend—not just the gold medal but the record as the youngest Olympic figure-skating champion ever. To do that she had to overcome a rival whose eloquence on ice had moved judges to tears. Michelle Kwan, just 17 herself, had come to Nagano for a coronation. But by finding a balance between technical perfection and blossoming artistry, a tiny confection of a girl showed the world that she would be queen.

First, though, Lipinski had to survive the short program, a 2-min. 40-sec. contest in which one misstep, one deviation from the eight required elements can mean instant elimination. Nicole Bobek, 20, was out in under a minute: she hit the ice during her first triple Lutz and never recovered, taking with her the talk of a red-white-and-blue sweep. The world offered up its best—Russian siren Maria Butyrskaya, China's come-



### FLYING HIGH

Lipinski takes to the air in the "kiss and cry" area after hearing the scores that made her skating's youngest gold medalist ever

back kid Chen Lu and French wonder woman Surya Bonaly—but one competitor, Elena Sokolova, voiced what everyone knew: "It's really between Tara and Michelle."

At a loss to articulate the mechanics of her whirlwind style, Lipinski once said, "I just rotate." In a fairy-tale blue-and-yellow frock, she flew to the *Anastasia* sound track, whipping through her triple flip, exploding into a grin that dwarfed her 80-lb. frame and skating circles around everyone but Kwan. Then the 17-year-old veteran-an showed that having soul as well as legs counts. Kwan drew out the chords of Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 3 in D Minor* into a smooth legato line as she flowed, left leg extended, straight toward the panel of judges. When she emerged from that, the audience and judges had swooned, and Kwan had gold in her sights. Eight of nine judges placed her first.

Going into the final 4-min. free skate, the message was clear: just rotating wouldn't be enough. Could Lipinski rise to Kwan's level of artistry? A judicial preference for maturity on ice certainly denied the bronze, claimed by the elegant Chen, 21. Bonaly, who might have been a contender, knew that judges have little appreciation for her muscular acrobatics. "The judges aren't pleased with anything I do anyway," she said. So, in her long program, she gave the judges figure skating's equivalent of the finger: an illegal back flip. Take that! It was a mandatory deduction, relegating her to 10th place.

Chen chose a wiser route, showcasing her musical sophistication. Her 1994 bronze-medal performance, China's first in Olympic figure skating, had tarnished too quickly. Saddled with an authoritarian coach, she

# TOP

How the carefree sprite Tara Lipinski upset Michelle Kwan to take the gold and break Sonja Henie's 70-year-old Olympic record as the youngest winner



fell out with Beijing and in 1996 was summarily summoned back from training in Los Angeles. She gained weight and lost her balance—tumbling to a humiliating 25th place at the World Championships last year. "It was really hard," she recalls. "My heart was broken." Then, inspired by a new coach, she rallied and qualified—barely—for the Olympics. That was all forgotten when, resplendent in a gauzy plum outfit, she skated to *Butterfly Lovers*, a Chinese Home-meets-Juliet tale of tragedy and redemption. Except for a step out of her triple flip, she skated cleanly—and crumpled to the ice in tears at her own redemption. Another bronze, two for two.

**I**N THE LAST GROUP OF SIX SKATERS, Kwan drew the first position, often considered a disadvantage because judges tend to be reticent about giving the highest marks right away in case later competitors perform better. William Alwyn's *Lyra Angelica*, the score that inspired her radiant performance at the nationals last month, failed to work the same magic. Perfection is never easy to repeat, especially in a sport decided by a whisper-thin blade and the mood of nine judges. The fluidity and the grace were there, but Kwan never really left the ice, skating without her usual speed. "In Philadelphia, I was more free and flying," she said. "Tonight I didn't let go." Her coach, Frank Carroll, agreed: "I just didn't think that spark was there." She wept uncontrollably after her final pose, sobbing "Oh, my God, oh, my God," as she found a measure of release. But her earlier restraint and a minor glitch on the triple flip left the throne in question.

Lipinski didn't give the judges time to think. In her signature triple-loop, triple-loop combination, she launched herself off the back edge of her skate, shot through three revolutions in less than a second, landed on the same outside edge, and then did it all over again. No one could touch those pyrotechnics, and her interpretation of the sound track from the movie *The Rain-forest* scored marks as high as 5.9. "When you're 15, you're filled with changes, and sometimes she's a child and sometimes she's a woman," said her choreographer, Sandra Bezze. Lipinski had to keep the child at bay to challenge Kwan's musicality, and she did. That is, until the music stopped, whereupon she ran across the ice and pumped her fists in the air before taking her bow. When six judges placed her first, she squealed and leaped into the air. She had it, the medal to match her gold metallic nails.

America's gold-silver knockout, its first since the 1956 one-two scored by Tenley Albright and Carol Heiss, proved only that champions are formed in the most variable of circumstances. Lipinski



KIM KIM/REUTERS



TIM JOY/REUTERS

## TEARY FINALE

**Kwan, top, reached for gold in her long program, then broke into tears; Chen, below, won bronze and poetic redemption**



TIM KIM/REUTERS

and Kwan stuck to completely different schedules at Nagano, setting off rampant speculation about whose off-ice routine would triumph. Journalists handclapped the event in favor of Lipinski because she was so carefree and relaxed. She was all over the Olympic village, taking to dorm life faster than a pre-frosh. She celebrated Picabo Street's super-G win ("Isn't it neat?"), updated her Website at Surf Shack (one entry of *Tara's Diary* had six exclamation points in 11 sentences) and made stickers on the day of the finals. "I know when to relax," she said. "You don't just come here to skate, you come here to have fun too." She had seen the pressure undo her training pal, Todd Eldredge, at the men's finals. "She has her day structured," said her coach Richard Callaghan. "She is a giddy teenager between some hours, and she's a hard worker in other hours." And just in case that doesn't work, Lipinski prays. She wears the likeness of St. Thérèse of Lisieux around her neck and says a novena before competitions.

Kwan, in contrast, watched the opening ceremonies the same way 56 million other Americans did, on the tube at home. Instead of sharing cramped quarters with Lipinski and the fitu that took Germany's Tanja Szewczenko out of the running, she bunked with Mom and Dad at a hotel. (Its location was kept secret.) "I'm going to spend as much time as I can in the Olympic village," she declared firmly. "But I've got to focus on my own thing right now and do what's good for me." Conventional wisdom says that Kwan should have played it differently, a little looser perhaps. But she had lighter moments, visiting a Zenkoji temple and watching Harrison Ford kick butt in *Air Force One* hours before doing likewise in her short program.

Any semblance of fun disappeared Friday. "Right now I'm thinking, What can I do to be better for the next Olympics?" said a teary Kwan at a press conference. "I'll add a triple-triple and add more difficulty on the technical side, and hopefully I'll be really ready next time." It was a painful statement coming from the teen marvel widely considered the best of this decade—no matter the hue of her medal.

Once again Lipinski found life a little easier. "I'm just going to walk around enjoying being Olympic champion," she said, refusing to contemplate the next Winter Games in Salt Lake City, Utah. For a girl who makes a yearly pilgrimage to Disney World, what can possibly come next? Multimillions in endorsements, surely, but not even a rich child-queen can reign safely in this sport of revolving crowns. Skating's next monarch-in-waiting could be anywhere in the world, hatching her own devastating coup. By 2002, who knows? —Reported by Alice Park/Nagano



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NAGANO



1998

# SECOND WIND



U.S. hockey player Karyn Bye celebrates victory



Japan's ski jumpers finally medal

## The Nagano Olympics may not have earned a gold medal, but all that glitters isn't made of that kind of metal

By PICO IYER NAGANO

THE OLYMPICS, TO INVOKE A PERHAPS TOO-AVAILABLE and all-encompassing analogy, are much like the *Titanic*, both the movie and the ship. In other words, it's a grand, old-fashioned blockbuster that stirs you in some primal, half-forgotten place, however vigilant your defenses, throwing up simple human images of panic and delight and loss; and a huge, showy, zillion-dollar model of the family of man that, for all its state-of-the-art grandeur and planning, cannot outswerve a



The fans slogged through all weather

block of ice. It shouldn't work, but it does; things should work, but they don't. As the surprise U.S. silver medalist in the doubles luge, Chris Thorpe, said of his surprise bronze-medalist teammates, "They don't have great lines, they don't have great form. They just fly."

If medals were awarded for staging an Olympics, Nagano would doubtless receive a silver, the color of its snowfall; almost everything Japanese was delicate and accommodating except the weather, which turned skiers on their heads when it wasn't doing the same to schedules. In the end, however, true grit prevailed: the



Mater survived a monstrous spill to take two golds



Speed skater Chris Witty



Ice-dancing silver medalists Krylova and Ovsyannikov

fastest man on skis, Hermann Maier ("Other Name: Das Monster," his official bio explains), confirmed his extraterrestrial status by getting up from a horrific crash and picking up two golds in four days; his female counterpart, Katja Seizinger, returned to form by winning two golds in two days. Even little Denmark claimed its first Winter medal ever, in curling—quite a feat for a nation that doesn't have a functioning curling rink. For Japan, the Games were a happy windfall, as the host nation rode on the cheers of its faithful fans to win more golds in 16 days than it had won in 70 years of Winter Games. Ski jumper Kazuyoshi Funaki assured himself of heartthrob status by flying away with three medals; more movingly, Masahiko Harada, who had let glory slip away in his final jump in two consecutive Olympics, somehow pulled off the longest jumps in Olympic history in two consecutive events to claim redemption. Hoar after roar ran through the crowd, larger than in all the other arenas combined, and the grand swelling of emotion in a people not usually demonstrative touched even foreign hearts.

**A**MERICANS WERE PRESUMABLY less happy with the proceedings. The millionaire-filled hockey "Dream Team" won just one of its four games, and, pining perhaps for the days of being an amateur underdog, trashed parts of the Olympic Village before departing. A sparky Tara Lipinski ("Occupation: pupil") and an obviously disappointed Michelle Kwan ("Hobby: corresponding with pen pals") claimed gold and silver, but Nicole Bobek, who'd hoped to join them on the medal stand, ended up a disappointing 17th. It generally fell to women to lift America's spirits: Nikki Stone, told she could never ski again after a back injury two years ago, claiming a gold in freestyle aerials; or Chris Witty, daughter of Walter Witty (just one letter from a daydream), winning a bronze and a silver in speed skating.

Perhaps the most rousing moment came when the U.S. women's hockey team beat four-time world champion Canada, 3-1, to take an emotional gold. The two games between the fierce enemies introduced fans to a style of fluency and electrifying intensity that put many an NHL game to shame, as well as to such new words as "underwomaned." Though body checking is not allowed in women's hockey, it would have been hard to tell that to any of the bodies flying across the ice, while Maple Leafs clashed with Stars and Stripes all around the packed arena.

"We have an intense dislike and an intense rivalry,"



#### HEADS UP

**U.S. aerialists Eric Bergoust, top, and Nikki Stone wear the same number and took home the same medal: gold**

said Canadian coach Shannon Miller after seeing 20 penalties in a preliminary game, on Valentine's Day, that officially meant nothing. But when the American women beat her team for the second time in three days, Miller looked up and "had a feeling of joy going through my body. Because what I realized was an Olympic gold medal was being hung around the neck of a female hockey player."

All the new sports, in fact, left their mark: snowboarders treated the Olympics as if they were a halfpipe, as expected, and curling captivated so many television viewers across the world with its stately version of Go-on-ice that in Sweden viewers protested when a local channel switched to figure skating.

Sometimes the Nagano Games could seem less dynamic than aerodynamic as competitors muttered about clap skates and luge "booties" and strips on speed skaters' uniforms that helped them fly. But all the machinery in the world couldn't erase the piercing human moments: Harada, with his back against the temporary wall of a cafeteria, after his failure to win gold in the normal hill jump, a copy of the results sheet in a glove that said JAPAN; or Cammi Granato, the captain of the U.S. women's hockey team, after a black-lacquered disk with gold dust was hung around her neck, simply holding her face in her hands, overwhelmed.

Before the Games, an organizer rallied his troops by reminding them, "We should regard even a slice of meat and a piece of tomato as representative of Japan." In fact, though, the Winter Games opened out into a new postnational order in which an athlete named Kyoko ranked for the U.S. and a Dusty tended goal for Japan (while Sweden's Ulf Samuelsson was forced off the team when it was found he carried a U.S. passport too and so was no longer technically Swedish). Dutchmen turned the M-Wave speed-skating arena into a province of Holland with their jolly, orange-clad fans—the Brazilians of winter—and their nine medals (out of 15). Gianni Romme, after winning the first of his two world-record golds, said there was nothing special about his country's program: "We are Dutch, but we could be Norwegian or German."

Next to him, Bart Veldkamp, who'd managed to break the Dutch monopoly only by switching nationality to become the Belgian team, said, "I was born in Holland, I skate for Belgium. But if you are looking at the moon and ask, 'Where do you come from?' I come from Earth."

Good words for the *Titanic* as it sails toward another continent.



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# Searching for a State o

Fathers and sons.  
Blacks and whites.  
Russell Banks takes  
on the big issues

By JOHN SKOW



THE PROFESSOR REMOVES his tweed jacket, hangs it on the back of a chair and prepares to teach what is widely acknowledged to be unteachable. Things are going well for him. His big new novel, *Cloudsplitter* (HarperCollins; 758 pages; \$27.50), about the raging, God-haunted 19th century abolitionist John Brown, is about to hit the bookstores, and he has learned this very day that director Atom Egoyan's movie of his novel *The Sweet Hereafter* has earned two Academy Award nominations. Another film, drawn from his novel *Affliction* and starring Nick Nolte, is ready for distribution. He smiles. Equal to equal, a diamond stud in his left ear glinting encouragingly, he addresses the 11 Princeton freshmen and sophomores in this creative-writing seminar as "writers."

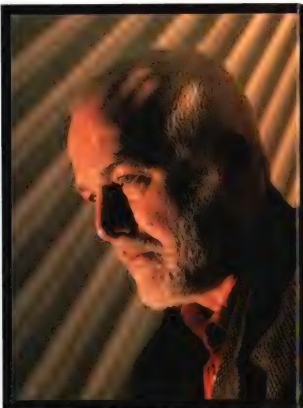
On the blackboard, he chalks the elements of a short story: "character, language, situation, structure, plot." He does not add "drugs, booze, angry sex, bar fighting, class resentment, familial dysfunction." The kids will learn to chord this country music on their own. Or not. Now they seem shy and tentative. The professor tries to loosen them up: "A good writer steals from other writers," he says. "Got to be willing to steal, to pillage." Got to be willing, Russell Banks might say to himself, to be merely very good in novel after novel while critics use words like talented and valuable and consign you to the respectable second rank.

Being a promising writer at 57 may keep you young—there's that diamond stud. But beyond the extra dollars, "breaking through" at that age, as it seems likely that Banks has done with the monolithic and masterly *Cloudsplitter*, may be worth little more than a wry smile. In any case, it has been a long wait and a hard climb. When

Banks was the age of his students, he was a plumber in Concord, N.H., working construction. Plumbing was how the Banks men, his father and grandfather, earned their living. Russell had tried college (Colgate, on a full scholarship) but had busted out after a few months with a case of what he calls "turbulence." By 19 he had married. By 20 he had fathered a child and would soon be divorced. (He has been married for nine years to his fourth wife, poet Chase Twichell.) He had written a novel, not published, and had run off to fight for Castro (not quite getting there; instead dressing mannequins for a department store in Lakeland, Fla.). Before this, at 16, he had stolen a car and Kerouacked off to California. Earlier still, he had learned to keep his head down;

his father, a wife-beating alcoholic who "pretty much abandoned the family" when Russell was 12, sometimes took swipes at his kids.

Banks made his peace with his father before the old man's death in 1979. Still, the tensions of this gritty past, and in particular the clenched, bone-bit anguish between son and father, appear and reappear in his 13 books of fiction. Like writers Richard Ford and Raymond Carver, he knows the lives of men who drive rented pickups, show up for work with beer headaches and hold back, most of the time, from battering their wives and children. The protagonist of his strong, flawed 1989 novel, *Affliction*, is the violent, alcoholic son—a part-time cop in a small New Hampshire town—of a violent, alcoholic father. Frustration and unfocused rage blur the character of Bob Dubois, an oil-burner repairman in a decayed New

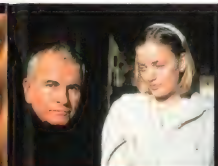


Hampshire mill town, who is the central figure of *Continental Drift* (1985). An Adirondack hamlet's children die in a school-bus accident in *The Sweet Hereafter*, leaving the reader to feel that had the crash not occurred, they would have died of dreariness.

But by now, one might guess that Banks has said most of what he has to say about blue-collar New England. And while writing crystalline paragraphs isn't hard—there are one or two good stylists in every English department, newspaper city room and ad agency in the country—finding a big, new issue to novelize is the white whale of modern literature.

Nobody who reads the first chapters of *Cloudsplitter* can doubt that Banks has found his big subject. It is surely his best novel, a furious, sprawling drama that commands attention like thunder heard from just over the horizon. In 1859, at the

# f Grace



**MAKING IT IN THE MOVIES** Ian Holm and Sarah Polley cope with a tragic bus crash in the Oscar-nominated *The Sweet Hereafter*; Nick Nolte stars in the yet-to-be-released *Affliction*, based on Banks' 1989 novel



time of his capture of the Federal Government arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Va., and his subsequent hanging, the religious zealot, failed businessman and antislavery revolutionary John Brown was closer to the roiling center of his country's anguish than was the still wavering Lincoln. And well into this century, Brown was still being called an insane fanatic and, variously, a saintly martyr. His raid failed to catalyze a slave rebellion, but by outraging the South and inflaming the North, it may have preserved the Union by making the Civil War inevitable.

To give flesh to heroism, or doubt to mania, Banks needed a narrator. He chose Brown's son Owen, who survived the Harpers Ferry raid and who had participated in his father's bloody guerrilla skirmishes against proslavery settlers in Kansas. Because he wanted his novel to look backward to the pre-Civil War period and

forward to the nation's 20th century torments with race, Banks envisioned Owen, who in fact died in 1889, setting down recollections after 1900 for the Columbia University historian Oswald Garrison Villard. (Three of John Brown's 20 children did live to testify for Villard.)

At the outset, Banks' imagined Owen asks the central question, "Was my father mad?" The answer, arrived at over 700 pages of gospel and fury, must be either "No, but ..." or "Yes, but ..." Owen is not religious, and his father's hot-eyed fervor seems delusive. But Owen despises slavery, and his father, whom Owen loves and bitterly resents, rules him with appeals to conscience. It is tyranny, the author's archetypal theme: father crushing son.

The novelist's other recurrent theme is race. But as a white American writing about blacks, a trick managed by Faulkner and few others, Banks seems too carefully respectful, an earnest '60s liberal. When Owen Brown realizes that he regards a black farmer as an equal but not wholeheartedly as a friend, his self-conscious queasiness seems oddly modern. Like Owen, the author has often been confounded by his good intentions. When Bob Dubois migrates to Florida in *Continental Drift* and has a love affair with a beautiful black woman, Banks sets aside his gritty naturalism, and that is all we learn: she is black and beautiful. Another black woman in that book, a Haitian refugee, remains mostly a symbol of mute, heroic survival, despite chapters devoted to her.

Banks admits that when he was young, he tended to identify with blacks, perhaps because he felt alienated from white society. "I've learned to examine that a little more closely," he says. The deep interest remains, however, and he plans two more novels about the African diaspora, one set in 17th century Africa, the other in contemporary Liberia. For now, he's delighted with the Academy Award fuss about *The Sweet Hereafter* (in which he appears briefly as a local doctor). Director Egoyan, with whom he worked for two years advising on the script, overflows with praise: "One of the greatest living novelists." That may be gratifying, but Banks knows there's still more work to do. He'll quit teaching after this semester and move with his wife to their house in Keene, N.Y., not far from John Brown's grave. "You can start to see the horizon getting closer when you get to your late 50s," he explains. He has a writing cabin about a thousand yards from the Keene house. He will hike there each morning at 8. And from this outpost, six or seven days a week, he will scan the horizon.

—With reporting by

Andreas Sachs/Princeton

## Before the War: A Feminist Take

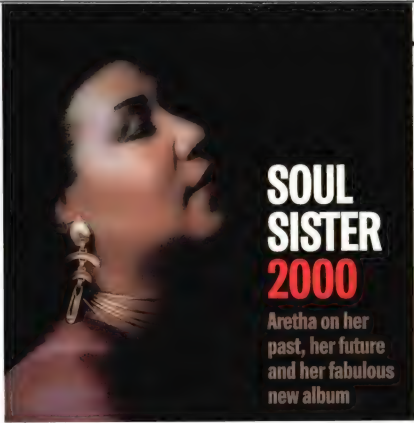
IT'S AN EERIE SENSATION TO READ Jane Smiley's prankish new novel, set in pre-Civil War Kansas, after campaigning with the fiery abolitionist John Brown through the same time and terrain in Russell Banks' thunderous epic *Cloudsplitter*. *The All-True Travels and Adventures of Lidie Newton* (Knopf; 448 pages; \$26) follows Lidie, a sturdy young Illinois bride, to the dust-blown outpost of Lawrence, Kans., in the tumultuous year of 1855. Lawrence is a raw, ill-favored roost of newly arrived Free Soil settlers, jostled by drunken proslavery irregulars from Missouri and protected, mostly with words, by gassy politicians. John Brown and his terrible sons, the focus of Banks' harsh panorama, are just out of sight in Smiley's account, raiding and murdering.

Lidie is chunky and unbeautiful, but no fool, and handy with rifle and horse. When her naive husband is killed by proslavery thugs, she sets out to avenge him. As she relates breezily in her journal (each chapter preceded by a passage from Miss Catherine E. Beecher's *A Treatise on Domestic Economy for the Use of Young Ladies at Home and at School*), female dress becomes a hindrance. Miss Beecher recommends self-reliance and deplores corsets, and Lidie, therefore, disguises herself as a boy. This works long enough to take her to a plantation in slave country but fails when she has a miscarriage. Further adventures set down by Smiley, author of *A Thousand Acres*, include an unwelcome marriage proposal from a doddering plantation owner and a threatened death sentence for stealing a slave. Lidie prevails and returns to Illinois, having, like the beguiled reader, seen an astonishing array of clamor and calamity.

—J.S.



**Smiley's heroine is less fierce but more fun**



MUSIC

# SOUL SISTER 2000

Aretha on her past, her future and her fabulous new album

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

**A**RETHA FRANKLIN'S FORTHCOMING CD, *A Rose Is Still a Rose*, is the 55-year-old singer's first album in seven years and her finest in two decades. *Rose*, due out March 10, boasts an all-star squad of producers, including Sean ("Puffy") Combs (who's worked with rapper the Notorious B.I.G.), Jermaine Dupri (Mariah Carey, Usher), and Lauryn Hill (of the hip-hop band the Fugees). Still, this is Aretha's show. Numbers like the cardiotoxic title track urge female self-esteem; another song, the sweetly epiphanous ballad *Love Pang*, links the everyday chores of life to recollections of romance. Franklin talked with *TIME* in her hometown of Detroit.

**TIME:** Some fans might be surprised to hear the Queen of Soul singing hip-hop.  
**Franklin:** I'm a very versatile vocalist. That's what I think a singer should be. Whatever it is, I can sing it. I'm not a rock artist. But I've done some rocking. I love the Puffy song [*Never Leave You Again*] on my album. It's very jazzy, very cool, very easy.

**TIME:** You haven't given a full-length interview to *TIME*, or almost anybody else, in 30 years. You're also working on a memoir with music writer David Ritz. Why are you speaking out now?

**Franklin:** There have been a number, not a lot, of inaccuracies about my career, and me. I think it's time to correct the record. One of the main things—and this happened with *TIME* in 1968 ...

**TIME:** Don't blame me for that. I was only 11 year old in 1968.

**Franklin:** You're younger than me, then. Anyway—one of the worst things that was ever said in my career was that my mother had deserted my family. That simply is not true. My mother was a very respectable person. We were with her regularly, whenever she was supposed to be there. So that really pissed me off, pardon my expression.

**TIME:** Why do you live in Detroit?

**Franklin:** I like the camaraderie of the people. It's a real community. I met [Detroit Pistons basketball star] Grant Hill once. I was outside the locker room after a game. I told someone to tell him Janet Jackson was outside.

**TIME:** Are there any singers out there who you think really represent the future?

**Franklin:** [Erykah] Badu is a very good vocalist. I like her wit. She's kind of a cross between Diana Ross and Billie Holiday. Mariah Carey has done some things I like. Her vocals and production have a very tight quality.

**TIME:** You work with some younger performers on this album. As a veteran, did you have any words of wisdom for, say, an up-and-comer like Lauryn Hill?

**Franklin:** I was ripped off here and there when I was younger ... So I told Lauryn nobody is going to tell you anything in the recording industry. So you have to investigate a lot, you have to surround yourself with good people, managers, agents and such who have your best interests in mind. I also thought her generation should give our generation a big party—annually—because we put out so much information for them and they are capitalizing on it.

**TIME:** Your songs are often about painful relationships. Have your own relationships with men been painful?

**Franklin:** I write a lot of songs. I don't just sit around and write songs about pain ... I could go back today to any man I've been with. I'm friends with, or could be friends with, all of them.

**TIME:** Will you ever get married again?

**Franklin:** Of course. I've already selected my gown. I'm just kidding. And then again, perhaps it's better not to be committed. I just see that women today are being abused so badly—verbally and physically—you wonder about getting married.

**TIME:** Your voice sounds better than it has in years. What's your secret?

**Franklin:** I stopped smoking in 1991. It helped my voice tremendously. The clarity and everything. The range even increased.

**TIME:** You're developing a television movie about the life of the Rev. Jesse Jackson, whom you met when you were a teenager. Whom would you like to play you in the movie?

**Franklin:** I want someone who bears some kind of resemblance to me, as close as possible. I thought maybe Toni Braxton. She looks very much the way I did at 17. With a little less makeup and another hairstyle, she could do it. I thought she or Halle Berry, visually, would be the closest look to what I looked like when I was 17.

**TIME:** Your fear of flying is legendary. Are you still afraid to travel by plane?

**Franklin:** I did a lot of things [to help get over the phobia] that have not worked yet, because I am still not flying. So I set it to the side—I enjoy my custom bus. You can pull over, go to Red Lobster. You can't pull over at 35,000 feet. ■

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use your own judgment.”**

In these parts, folks don't jump at the first new thing that comes along. You have to look it over first. Whether it's a combine or a cooking oil.

That's what I did with Olean. Turns out, the Crisco® people came up with a way to use soybeans like we grow here as part of a new kind of oil. One that fries up snack chips and such with a lot less fat. And fewer calories. Figured it would make them a little healthier to eat than the regular kind.

Well, I tried these new chips. And I decided I liked them. Now, knowing something like this starts with soybeans like mine...it makes me feel good.





THE CARD GAME, 1917

## Master of Visual Slang

Léger saw machines as the poetry of Modernism

By ROBERT HUGHES

**F**ERNAND LEGER (1881-1955) IS THE only one of the great early 20th century French Modernists who hasn't had a major museum show in America in nearly half a century. Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Duchamp and others, yes; but not Léger—a fact that is doubly odd, since no French painter, indeed, no French cultural figure of any kind, was more fascinated and stimulated by American culture, or did more to make a bridge between Paris and New York. Now, with an excellent and tightly focused show at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, this has happily changed. Curated by Carolyn Lanchner, the show is not exhaustingly large; it consists of only 56 paintings and 24 drawings. But it makes you realize that if you thought you already knew Léger backward and forward, you were probably wrong.

One is apt to think of him as a somewhat stolid, ruminative artist compared

with a virtuoso like Picasso. It's true that there's no erotic content in his work, and little manifest lyricism or spontaneity. He painted with the steady determination, from form to closed form, of a silk-worm chewing its way across a mulberry leaf. Much of his work is not Cubist at all, if Cubism means fragmentation. It was massively built and integrated, and it buried all traces of its construction process. But it could also be very surprising, and in its insistent reduction of the human form to mechanics, extremely weird—particularly when Léger's obsession with modernity coexisted with a sense of form and construction that went straight back to those archetypal figures of French classicism, Nicolas Poussin in the 17th century and Jacques-Louis David in the 18th. And what a draftsman Léger turns out to have been! Some of the drawings in this show are among the finest of the 20th century, and this too will come as a surprise.

One also thinks of Léger finding a typ-

ical style early and sticking to it. But this, as the show reveals, is not altogether true. He was a consistent artist but a very eclectic one as well, and one of the things that endears him to the Postmodernist temper is the way that traces of practically all the early 20th century movements, from Fauvism and Orphism to Cubism and even Surrealism, turn up in his work—not as a mishmash of quotes but as integrated elements. There's even a bow to Dada in a peculiar picture from 1930 in which the *Mona Lisa* shares billing with a can of sardines and a large bunch of keys.

In middle age Léger looked like a big Norman ox, square-headed, strong-nosed, an *homme du peuple*. And indeed his father was, by trade, a cattle breeder. But the son studied architecture, and this began a lifetime's fascination with structure. His art training was, in fact, classical. His main teacher was Jean-Léon Gérôme, academic par excellence, and it's not much of a stretch to suppose that the Gérômes and Bouguereaus he saw, with their pale, continuously rounded flesh (tubular, in a way) and their meticulous highlights, influenced the "Tubism" of his maturing style. The manikins in his *Contrast of Form* paintings, such as *Exit the Ballets Russes*, 1914, project a strange

## ART



LEISURE, HOMAGE TO DAVID, 1948-49

mixture of nervousness and solidity—sexless tin men bustling about in a narrow, overcrowded space.

But for Léger the crucial and formative experience of his youth was World War I. He enlisted in the French army and in the ghastly environment of the trenches found visual epiphanies in machinery—"the breach of a 75-mm gun in the sunlight, the magic of light on white metal." Compared with what those magic guns were doing to human bodies, Cubist "fragmentation" was a mere impertinence. He applied the forms of mechanized warfare to a deeply felt painting, *The Card Game*, 1917—French poilus in their characteristic melon helmets gambling at a table. With their clawlike hands they resemble predatory metal lobsters mutated by aggression. Yet it was among these fierce automatons that Léger, as he wrote, "discovered the French people... I found them poets, inventors of everyday poetic images—I am thinking of their colorful and adaptable use of slang. Once I had got my teeth into that sort of reality, I never let go of objects again."

He wanted to find an argot, a visual slang, that could encompass modern experience. Only the workers had it because they were hard up against the central fact of modern life: fabrication, teamwork, the design and use of machinery, and the mutuality—meaning class consciousness, expressed in strong trade unions—that came out of it all. The visual argot to describe this would have

to come from the machine, "an offensive weapon to intimidate tradition." So from the end of the war through the '20s he set out to imagine the city as a machine—the metropolis clanking, shining, shifting and manufacturing reality. This produced some of his masterpieces, such as the enormous *The City*, 1919, or the yet more abstract *The Typographer*, 1918.

Léger was the only major Cubist, moreover, who had strong affiliations with American culture. Popular culture, that is: billboards, advertising, window displays, the glittering and chaotic face of Manhattan, endless in its growth and demolition, pumping imperative messages from its towers—the century's archetypal culture of vertigo and congestion. "The most colossal spectacle in the world," he wrote after going there for the first time in 1931. "Neither cinema nor photography, nor reporting, have been able to contain the astounding event that is New York seen at night from 40 floors up. It resists all vulgarization. It keeps its freshness."

He spent the Second World War in exile in America, fascinated by the color glow of neons ("I could never have invented it. I am not capable of such fantasies") and by the "romantic atmosphere in the good sense of the word" of "its vitality, its litter and its waste." It made him dream of colossal populist murals, which he never painted. But Léger's monumental paintings of construction workers on high steel are directly derived from New York.

Nevertheless, the tone of the big late



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
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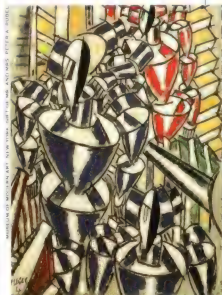
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## ART



EXIT THE BALLETS RUSSES, 1914

work is distinctly French, not American. It becomes so by its mixture of socialist convictions with a high-art classical tradition. His paintings were, above all, about connectedness: figures harmonizing with one another, in locked and self-reinforcing compositions—metaphors of the banishment of social doubt, of fear and imbalance. "Free the masses of the people, give them the possibility of thinking, of seeing, of self-cultivation—that is all we ask."

Léger was as much of a Utopian as—and more of a socialist than—his friend the architect Le Corbusier. He believed in a world of working-class pleasure where, under the sign of central planning, people could issue from their tower blocks into green space on bicycles, and be a family. Such is the import of one of his big compositions, *Leisure, Homage to David*, 1948-49. Jacques-Louis David had painted some of the propaganda icons of the French Revolution, and Léger hoped to do the same for the next, socialist one. (He remained, in effect, the painter laureate of the French Communist Party, right up to his death in 1955.)

*Leisure* belongs to a very distant world of belief, one where Frenchmen could still believe in Stalin, but Léger had never wavered in his faith in the goodness of *le peuple*. He was, after all, the man who had found Monet's garden of rose hovers and water lilies at Giverny elitist and escapist, "too Impressionist." "A vegetable garden," he had harumphed after his visit there in 1918, "is better constructed than a flower garden and is quite brightly colored." ■



## DARK CITY

## A Ravishing Visual Trip to a Strange Land

WITH FEEL-GOOD COMEDIES AND SOAPY ship operas dominating commercial cinema, the visionaries are in retreat. Ridley Scott (*Blade Runner*) and Paul Verhoeven (*Total Recall*) have renounced the form. That leaves the creation of dank, luscious worlds within worlds to Alex Proyas. And he'll do fine. The Egyptian-born, Australian-raised director of *The Crow* has a chilling new fever dream called *Dark City*—a reminder of how sensuous a visual trip movie watching can be.

John Murdoch (Rufus Sewell) wakes up in a strange room with a dead woman. Who is she? he wonders. For that matter, who is he? In this dark city, dour bald aliens, known as the Strangers, have refitted humans with fake memories. Perhaps John is married to pretty Emma (Jennifer



Sewell provides his own sullen charms

Connelly), perhaps not. Perhaps his world will end before he finds out.

Sewell, a Pre-Raphaelite hunk who also shines in the sumptuous new *Dangerous Beauty*, flashes a sullen magnetism here. But the playing is not the thing; the play of images is. In this city—part Moderne, part Magritte, part Manhattan collapsed onto itself—houses sprout like tropical flowers; office buildings magically morph in a technique that might be called Virtual Reality. You have to watch carefully, for this is not an ingratiating film. It drops you into a foreign landscape without guidebook or translator. It is as cool and distant as the planet the Strangers come from. But, Lord, is *Dark City* a wonder to see. —By Richard Corliss



Musings: Bridges, Steve Buscemi and Goodman

## THE BIG LEBOWSKI

## A Bit Off Their Game

THERE ARE, DIFFICULT AS IT MAY BE TO believe, two Jeff Lebowski's living in the Greater Los Angeles area. There's the rich, shady one (David Huddleston) ensconced in a Pasadena mansion, who gives *The Big Lebowski* its title. His opposite number is better known as "Dude." Played by Jeff Bridges, he's a burned-out beach bum whose mental clock stopped sometime in the '70s. But when some thugs, mistaking him for his namesake, invade his pad, beat him up and, worse, ruin the rug that ties the whole living room together, he seeks redress. Or at least some replacement carpetry.

Since the mental calendar of film-

makers Joel and Ethan Coen is often turned back to the 1940s, Dude is a shambling version of Philip Marlowe, the incomprehensible plot and the all-too-comprehensible visual references homages to the film-noir tradition—as if we needed more. Happily, however, the Coens have established a tradition of their own: deeply weird characters (let John Goodman's great portrait of one of those paranoid know-it-alls who actually know nothing stand for the mad multitude this movie contains) embedded in profoundly banal settings (much of the film is set in a bowling alley). So even when they don't achieve the glorious farce of *Fargo*, there is always something fascinating about following the Coens' rapt gaze as they peer into the American nut bowl.

—By Richard Schickel

## LOVE AND DEATH ON LONG ISLAND

## The Dim, Discreet Charm of Jason Priestley

WE THINK OURSELVES LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of taste, connoisseurs of finer books and deeper thoughts. Then we see some ravishing creature on the street or the screen, and we are starstruck kids, our brains shut off, hearts turned to mush.

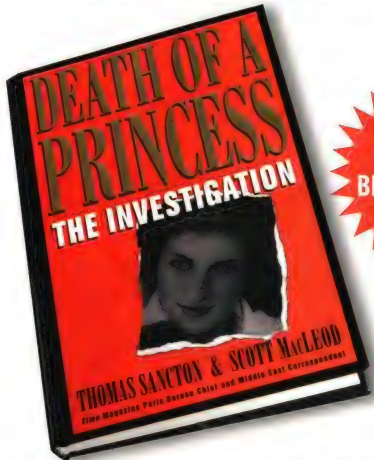
Giles De'Ath (John Hurt), a reclusive English novelist, has had so little contact with the late 20th century that he can't tell a microwave from a vcr. One day, by mistake, he watches a trashy teempie called *Hotpants College 2* and finds, he thinks, a reason for loving. In an actor named Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley), Giles sees all the beauty of the ages in one glorious package. The donnish writer buys fan mags, rents B-minus films, immerses himself in the detritus of Bostockiana. To your eyes Ronnie might seem a bland dreamboat, but that is part of the fun in this delicious comedy. And part of the truth: for it is a mark of obsession that it fixes its gaze on an object whose appeal is inexplicable.

Director Richard Kwietniowski, adapting Gilbert Adair's novel, uses Priestley's fretful blankness to handsome comic effect. But Hurt is the big news here. Dignified and dithery, he makes Giles one of the most charming predators in ages. Like Von Aschenbach in *Death in Venice*, like *Lolita*'s Humbert Humbert, he is a man of culture finding beauty in youth, in coarseness—in "all that I myself have never been." To Giles, ecstasy comes in small packages. For viewers, this film is one of them. —R.C.



Odd couple: British writer (Hurt) and American teen idol (Priestley)

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By JOEL STEIN



## Poor Paparazzo: Did Pest Become Victim?

It was another bad week to be a paparazzo. After taking in a movie one night in Manhattan with fiancé Barbra Streisand, actor **JAMES BROLIN** got up close and physical with a photographer for the *New York Daily News*, who later filed an assault complaint. Through his manager and publicist, Brodin said he had been "set up" and claimed that any contact was "accidental," at least on his part. Whatever the case, another paparazzo was conveniently on hand to capture the action on film. In Washington, meanwhile, a Hollywood-friendly Senate seems to be taking the stars' side in this ongoing battle. Senators Dianne Feinstein of California and Orrin Hatch of Utah are introducing a personal-privacy-protection act to limit the liberties that photographers take in pursuit of the great shot.

## Q&A

**BUSTA RHYMES** has been nominated for a Grammy for Best Rap Solo Performance. The awards will be presented on Feb. 25.

**Q: What the dilly, yo?**

**A:** The dilly is everything has been so wonderful for Busta Rhymes since the release of this new album except it's so crazy workwise that I'm tired.

**Q: What's a typical day like for Busta Rhymes?**

**A:** From when I wake up until like 7 o'clock I'm handling numerous amounts of business calls. Nighttime hours is more creative work. Throughout all of that I'm trying to weave my way solid through the big-screen arena.

**Q: Huh?**

**A:** I'm trying to secure my ground on a movie-level.

**Q: Oh, I heard Busta Rhymes is doing a cartoon.**

**A:** I've got that in the works. It's not too far from the *South Park* kind of vibe.

**Q: What three words best describe Busta Rhymes?**

**A:** Dominant, aggressive and moody.

**Q: Is the pressure of being Busta Rhymes sometimes too much?**

**A:** Yeah. Definitely.

**Q: Does Busta Rhymes scare people?**

**A:** Yeah. I've seen little kids scared of Busta Rhymes.

**Q: What does Busta Rhymes do when that happens?**

**A:** I try to relax them. I want them to love Busta Rhymes.

**Q: Martha Stewart was a copresenter with Busta Rhymes at the MTV Music Awards. What do you think of her work?**

**A:** How she presented herself to be as a person when we was chillin' together was real cool.

**Q: Why is Busta Rhymes gosh-darn funny?**

**A:** Why am I so gosh-darn funny? I don't know.



## ALEXEI KOVALEV



## For the Record

The New York Rangers' new coach, John Muckler, 63, is an old NHL hand, yet, when reporters asked him about one of his more enigmatic young stars, his reply—"I don't know Alexei Kovalev from a bale of hay"—seemed cockamamie. So, to be helpful, we hereby offer the following guidance to the Stanley Cup-winning coach:

Kovalev		Hay
Yes	Likely to be traded	Yes
Yes	Consistently underperforms	No
No	Plays solid defense	Maybe
No	Much like grass, but dryer	Yes
Yes	Limited English	Yes
Yes	Looks up when you yell, "Hey!"	No

## BALE OF HAY



## FEUD OF THE WEEK

### DONALD "DON" IMUS

AGE: 57

OCCUPATION: Self-promotion through insulting and annoying others

BEST PUNCH: Taking a break from high-minded discussion with Senators and pundits, the I-Man slagged the Donald, first mocking his new book and then referring to him as "a Howard Stern butt boy."



### DONALD "DON" TRUMP

AGE: 51

OCCUPATION: Self-promotion through buying and selling others

BEST PUNCH: Never too busy to return school-yard taunts or discuss radio ratings. Trump penned a letter to Imus: "If your ratings were as good as my book sales, you would not be mired in 13th-or-so place."

**THE WINNER** Trump. The Donald is no one's butt boy but his own

Andrew Ferguson

## Ye Olde Town Gimmick

*Look on the bright side; that Ohio calamity may do away with these meetings*

THE NOW FAMOUS TOWN MEETING THAT CNN BROADCAST from Columbus, Ohio, last Wednesday, when an unhappy trio of Administration foreign-policy advisers squirmed while cranks and crackpots fumed and bellowed, was by any measure a disaster—catastrophic as diplomacy, unlucky as public relations and worthless as a means of preparing the country for war. That's too bad, of course, but look on the bright side: the Ohio calamity may do away with "national town meetings" once and for all.

Real town meetings—I mean the old-fashioned kind in which a town's voting population meets annually to bicker, gossip, elect councilmen, vote on bond issues—are anachronisms today, surviving only in a few eccentric backwaters of Ye Olde New England. But the pseudo town meeting, as developed by the President and his imagemakers, is a ubiquitous political gimmick, practiced by candidates nationwide. Perfected in the President's 1992 campaign, the format is familiar to anyone unlucky enough to own a TV. A television studio—or a hall outfitted like a TV studio—is filled with a carefully screened audience. A local television anchor, his hair perfectly in place, serves as master of ceremonies.

The candidate, or President as the case may be, wanders the stage looking thoughtful, pensively wagging his wireless microphone. The people speak, the candidate listens. And then he responds with perfectly scripted spontaneity. Concerns are addressed, issues are aired, dialogue is facilitated. And the public is snowed.

The format is now so firmly established that it has been included in the last two rounds of presidential debates. In both '92 and '96, the Clinton camp insisted on it, and no wonder. The most painful moment in either campaign came in watching George Bush and Bob Dole struggle feebly to adapt themselves to this alien venue. Bill Clinton glided through the town meetings, reveling in the chance to display his almost superhuman empathy. But Bush and Dole were older gents, from a generation that considered reticence a virtue and self-exposure a weakness—not, in other words, town-meeting material. They had the stunned look of cavemen thawed out from the frozen tundra and suddenly dropped into a Las Vegas casino. Bush, you'll recall, even glanced at his watch, wondering when the nightmare would end.

The traditional town meeting has its roots in the agora of ancient Athens, a place for sober, if contentious, deliberation. The Clintonized town meeting has a rather less noble lineage.

It is the offspring of Phil Donahue, who, true to his format, once wore a dress to enliven the proceedings. The President hasn't gone that far—not quite. But who can forget his town meeting on mtv in 1993? "Boxers or briefs?" asked a budding Walter Lippmann in the studio audience. The President could have turned the question aside. "Madam," he might have said, "that is a private matter between me and my interns." Or better: "Young lady, I am the President of the United States, and you should be ashamed of yourself." But of course he did no such thing. He answered the question, looking, to his credit, suitably embarrassed.

Critics may puzzle over why the President debased himself and his office in this way, but it's no great mystery. The Clintonized town meeting is inherently undignified, debasing by design. It is built on a series of lies. The President (or candidate) pretends he is gleaming valuable information as some questioner drones on about mortgage rates. The questioner pretends he knows as much about mortgage rates as the presidential advisers who are paid to study them. Everyone gathered before the President pretends that each of them is like him and that he is like each of them. Here in our happy democracy everyone's opinion is equally valuable, every-



**BOGUS POPULISM: Earlier sessions were choreographed**

one's question is equally informed, and every crocheted and quirk is equally worthy of the President's time. This is populism of the most romantic sort. And it is thoroughly bogus, a conjurer's trick: the appearance of substance with nothing substantial underneath.

But in Ohio the trick got out of hand. The old-fashioned town meeting has fallen from favor because it was disorderly and unpredictable—ill suited to the kind of dispassionate reflection government is supposed to require. In a real town meeting the balance tends to tip toward the fellow with the loudest voice—the crank with the thickest sheaf of mimeographed papers under his arm. The Founders had a horror of direct democracy for this very reason, and the system they devised was meant specifically to calm the passions, quiet the mob and channel its energies, and create a space for sober decision making by people the voters had chosen to make decisions for them.

After Wednesday's rude awakening in Ohio, the Clintonites may have a better understanding of this rationale. My God, for a minute there it looked like a... like a real town meeting! With luck, they'll be having no more of that. They now know, if they didn't before, that those who live by the gimmick may perish by it too. ■

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